[Prot. Epis. Church in the U. S.]

THE

WHOLE BOOK

OF

PSALMS,

IN METRE;

WITH

HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

Feasts and Fasts of the Church,

AND

OTHER OCCASIONS

OF

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY ALEXANDER MINCE,

NO. 102, WATER-STREET.

1806.

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1806

By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States *of* America, *in Convention, this thirteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine—*

This Translation of the Whole Book of Psalms into Metre, with Hymns, is set forth, and allowed to be sung in all Congregations of the said Church, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister.

And it shall be the duty of every Minister of any Church, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint the Portion of Psalms which are to be sung.

And further, it shall be the duty of every Minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the Tunes to be sung, at any time, in his Church: And, especially, it shall be his duty, to suppress all light and unseemly music; and all indecency and irreverence in the performance; by which, vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary.

PSALM I.

1 HOW bleſt is he; who ne'er conſents
by ill advice to walk,
Nor ſtands in ſinners' ways, nor ſits
where men profanely talk;
2 But makes the perfect law of God
his bus'neſs and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
and meditates by night.
3 Like ſome fair tree, which, fed by ſtreams,
with timely fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
all his deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
no laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd
like chaff before the wind.
5 Their guilt ſhall ſtrike the wicked dumb
before their Judge's face:
No formal hypocrite ſhall then
among the ſaints have place.
6 For God approves the juſt man's ways;
to happineſs they tend:
But ſinners, and the paths they tread,
ſhall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd rage,
why do the heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in council and in might
their various forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3 "Muſt we ſubmit to their commands?"
preſumptuouſly they ſay:
"No, let us break their ſlaviſh bands,
"and caſt their chains away."
4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,

Does their conſpiring ſtrength defy,
and mocks their vain deſign.
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious foes;
And thus will he in thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe:
6 "Though madly you diſpute my will,
"the king that I ordain,
"Whoſe throne is fix'd on Zion's hill,
"ſhall there ſecurely reign."
7 Attend, O earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree:
"Thou art my ſon; this day, my heir,
"have I begotten thee.
8 "Aſk, and receive thy full demands;
"thine ſhall the heathen be;
"The utmoſt limits of the lands
"ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
9 "Thy threat'ning ſceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
"and cruſh them ev'ry where;
"As maſſy bars of iron break
"the potter's brittle ware."
10 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
ye judges of the earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy fear;
rejoice with awful mirth.
12 Appeaſe the Son with due reſpect,
your timely homage pay:
Leſt he revenge the bold neglect,
incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger riſe,
who can endure the flame?
Then bleſt are they, whoſe hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the troublers of my peace!
And as their numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting, they my ſoul upbraid,
and him whom I adore;
"The God in whom he truſts," ſay they,
"ſhall reſcue him no more."

3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence ;
on thee my hopes rely ;
Thou art my glory, and ſhall yet
lift up my head on high.
4 Since whenſoe'er, in like diſtreſs,
to God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy hill ;
why ſhould I now deſpair ?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
my ſweet repoſe to take ;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in ſafety wake.
6 No force nor fury of my foes
my courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many hoſts as men,
that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe foes to me,
and to thy righteous laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
he only can defend :
His bleſſing he extends to all
that on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
to my complaint give ear :
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from diſtreſs ;
have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O ſons of men,
to blot my fame deviſe ?
How long your vain deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious lies ?
3 Conſider that the righteous man
is God's peculiar choice ;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
he always hears my voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.
5 The place of other ſacrifice
let righteouſneſs ſupply ;

And let your hope, ſecurely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly minds impatient grow
more proſp'rous times to ſee;
Still let the glories of thy face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my heart o'erflow with joy,
more laſting and more true
Than theirs, who ſtores of corn and wine
ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
and take my needful reſt;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy defence poſſeſs'd.

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
accept my ſecret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for help repair.
3 Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the wrongs that I ſuſtain
canſt never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy ſacred dwelling-place
all evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy view;
All ſuch as act unrighteous things
thy vengeance ſhall purſue.
6 The ſland'ring tongue, O God of truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the man in blood
and in deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
for watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
wherein I ought to go.

9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit ;
their heart is ſet on wrong ;
Their throat is a devouring grave ;
they flatter with their tongue.
10 By their own counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with loads of ſin ;
For they againſt thy righteous laws
have harden'd rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe that truſt in thee,
with ſhouts their joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy name.
12 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
his bleſſing will extend ;
And with his favour all his ſaints,
as with a ſhield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, reſtrain,
and ſpare a wretch forlorn ;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
too heavy to be borne.
2 Have mercy, Lord ; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The anguiſh of my aching bones,
which thou alone can'ſt cure.
3 My tortur'd fleſh diſtracts my mind,
and fills my ſoul with grief ;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy relief ?
4 Thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled ſoul ;
Lord, for thy wond'rous mercy's ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.
5 For after death no more can I
thy glorious acts proclaim,
No pris'ners of the ſilent grave
can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of eaſe I ſee ;
The night, that quiets common griefs,
is ſpent in tears by me.
7 My beauty fades, my ſight grows dim,
my eyes with weakneſs cloſe ;

Old-age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
on my inſulting foes.
8 Depart, ye wicked; in my wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
and liſtens to my voice.
9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble pray'r;
and they that wiſh my fall,
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD my God, ſince I have plac'd
my truſt alone in thee,
From all my perſecutor's rage
do thou deliver me.
2 To ſave me from my threat'ning foe,
Lord interpoſe thy pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſavage lion, he
my helpleſs ſoul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
againſt his peace combine;
Nay, if I had not ſpar'd his life,
who ſought unjuſtly mine;
5 Let then to perſecuting foes
my ſoul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life,
in duſt my honour lay.
6 Ariſe, and let thine anger, Lord,
in my defence engage;
Exalt thyſelf above my foes,
and their inſulting rage:
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
the judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
for injur'd innocence.
7 So to thy throne, adoring crowds
ſhall ſtill for juſtice fly:
Oh! therefore for their ſake, reſume
thy judgment-ſeat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I truſt my cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt deſerts,
ſo let thy ſentence be.

9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the juſt, thou God, to whom
the hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
but all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for thoſe
who from his laws depart.
12 If they perſiſt, he whets his ſword,
his bow ſtands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now, with ſwift deſtruction wing'd
his pointed ſhafts are ſent.
14 The plots are fruitleſs which my foe
unjuſtly did conceive;
15 The pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely grave.
16 On his own head his ſpite returns,
whilſt I from harm am free;
On him the violence is fall'n,
which he deſign'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the praiſe of God moſt high,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
how glorious is thy name!
In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant tongue
thy boundleſs praiſe declare.
Through thee the weak confound the ſtrong
and cruſh their haughty foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked throng,
that thee and thine oppoſe.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
employs my wond'ring ſight;
The moon, that nightly rules the ſky,
with ſtars of feebler light;
4 What's man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy mind?

Or what his offspring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?
5 Him next in pow'r thou didſt create
to thy celeſtial train;
6 Ordain'd, with dignity and ſtate,
o'er all thy works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful ſway;
the beaſts that prey or graze;
8 The bird that wings its airy way;
the fiſh that cuts the ſeas.
9 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy praiſe, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning world, thy works,
thy wond'rous works declare.
2 The thought of them ſhall to my ſoul
exalted pleaſures bring;
Whilſt to thy name, O thou Moſt High,
triumphant praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty foes to turn
Their backs in ſhameful flight:
Struck with thy preſence, down they fell,
they periſh'd at thy ſight.
4 Againſt inſulting foes advanc'd,
thou didſt my cauſe maintain;
My right aſſerting from thy throne,
where truth and juſtice reign.
5 The inſolence of heathen pride
thou haſt reduced to ſhame;
Their wicked offspring quite deſtroyed,
and blotted out their name.
6 Miſtaken foes, your haughty threats
are to a period come;
Our city ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.

9 God is a conſtant ſure defence
against oppreſſing rage ;
As troubles riſe, his needful aids
in our behalf engage.
10 All thoſe who have his goodneſs prov'd
will in his truth confide ;
Whoſe mercy ne'er forſook the man
that on his help rely'd.
11 Sing praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from Sion, his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12 When he enquiry makes for blood,
he'll call the poor to mind :
The injur'd humble man's complaint
relief from him ſhall find.
13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful foes create,
Thou that has reſcu'd me ſo oft
from death's devouring gate.
14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy praiſe,
to all that love thy name ;
And, with loud ſhouts of grateful joy,
thy ſaving pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me,
the heathen pride is laid ;
Their guilty feet to their own ſnare
are heedleſsly betray'd.
16 Thus, by the juſt returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known ;
While wicked men by their own plots,
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle ſinner ſhall eſcape,
by privacy obſcur'd ;
Nor nation, from his juſt revenge,
by numbers be ſecur'd.
18 His ſuff'ring ſaints, when moſt diſtreſs'd
he ne'er forgets to aid ;
Their expectations ſhall be crown'd,
though for a time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy pow'r,
and let not man o'ercome ;

Deſcend to judgment, and pronounce
the guilty heathen's doom.
20 Strike terror through the nations round,
till, by conſenting fear,
They to each other, and themſelves,
but mortal men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy face,
When diſmal times of deep diſtreſs,
call for thy wonted grace?
2 The wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs pride,
have made the poor their prey;
O let them fall by thoſe deſigns
which they for others lay.
3 For ſtraight they triumph, if ſucceſs
their thriving crimes attend;
And ſordid wretches, whom God hates,
perverſely they commend.
4 To own a pow'r above themſelves,
their haughty pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn mind
no thought of God remains.
5 Oppreſſive methods they purſue,
and all their foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy judgments unobſerv'd,
are far above their ſight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous ſtate
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all misfortunes free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their ſpeech,
with curſes fill'd, and lies;
By which the miſchief of their heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
to rifle and deſtroy.
9 Not lions, couching in their dens,
ſurpriſe their heedleſs prey
With greater cunning, or expreſs
more ſavage rage than they.

10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs man,
and modeſt looks they wear ;
That ſo deceiv'd, the poor may leſs
their ſudden onſet fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
of their unrighteous deeds ;
He never minds the ſuff'ring poor,
nor their oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe,
ſtretch forth thy mighty arm ;
And, by the greatneſs of thy pow'r,
defend the poor from harm.
13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
and, proudly boaſting, ſay,
" Tuſh, God regards not what we do ;
" he never will repay."
14 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their deeds
impartially doſt try ;
The orphan, therefore, and the poor,
on thee for aid rely.
15 Defenceleſs let the wicked fall,
of all their ſtrength bereft ;
Confound, O God, their dark deſigns,
till no remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt dominion, Lord,
which ſhall forever ſtand ;
Thou who the heathen didſt expel
from this thy choſen land.
17 Thou hear'ſt the humble ſupplicants,
that to thy throne repair ;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their pray'r.
18 Thou, in thy righteous judgment, weigh'ſt
the fatherleſs and poor ;
That ſo the tyrants of the earth
may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my truſt in God,
a refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous bird,
to diſtant mountains fly ?

2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
and ready fix their dart,
Lurking in ambuſh to deſtroy
the men of upright heart.
3 When once the firm aſſurance fails,
which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful arts.
4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
and righteous throne above;
Where he ſurveys the ſons of men,
and how their councils move.
5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
for trial does correct,
What muſt the ſons of violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, fire, and brimſtone, on their heads
ſhall in one tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
into their cup ſhall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds,
with ſignal favour grace,
And to the upright man diſcloſe
the brightneſs of his face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly men decay, O Lord,
do thou my cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched times afford
one juſt and faithful friend.
2 One neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
and with a double heart.
3 But lips that with deceit abound
can never proſper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh boaſters ſay,
"our tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful words we'll ſtill betray
"and be controul'd by none."
5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring poor,
and their oppreſſion knows,

Will ſoon ariſe and give them reſt,
in ſpite of all their foes.
6 The word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of falſhood be,
As is the ſilver, ſev'n times try'd,
from droſſy mixture free.
7 The promiſe of his aiding grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd end;
His ſervants from this faithleſs race
he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
oh, never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious thoughts my ſoul,
and grief my heart oppreſs?
How long my enemies inſult,
and I have no redreſs?
3 Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
reſtore thy wonted light,
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting night.
4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own ſtrength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my ſoul
to triumph in my ſhame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my truſt
beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy ſaving health will come; and then
my heart with joy ſhall ſpring.
6 Then ſhall my ſong, with praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy ſervant in diſtreſs
ſuch bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE wicked fools muſt needs ſuppoſe,
that God is nothing but a name;

Corrupt and lewd their practice grows;
no breaſt is warm'd with holy flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high tow'r,
and all the ſons of men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his pow'r;
If any truth or juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown and baſe;
None took religion for their guide,
not one of all the ſinful race.
4 But can theſe workers of deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like bread my people eat,
and God's almighty pow'r diſown?
5 How will they tremble then for fear,
when his juſt wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For to the righteous, God is near,
and never will their cauſe forſake.
6 Ill men, in vain, with ſcorn expoſe
thoſe methods which the good purſue;
Since God a refuge is for thoſe,
whom his juſt eyes with favour view.
7 Would he his ſaving pow'r employ
to break his people's ſervile band,
Then ſhouts of univerſal joy
ſhould loudly echo through the land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
to thy bleſt courts repair,
Not, ſtranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry thought and deed
by rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the thing his heart diſproves.
3 Who never did a ſlander forge,
his neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe report,
by malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, though cloath'd in rags,
religiouſly reſpect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And though he promiſe to his loſs,
he makes his promiſe good.
6 Whoſe ſoul in uſury diſdains
his treaſure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
the guiltleſs to deſtroy.
7 The man, who by his ſteady courſe
has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from harm;
Becauſe my truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty arm.
2 My ſoul all help but thine does ſlight,
all gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
the goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
ſhall be my chief delight.
4 How ſhall their ſorrows be increas'd,
who other gods adore?
Their bloody off'rings I deteſt,
their very names abhor.
5 My lot is fall'n in that bleſt land
where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand,
'tis he ſupports my throne.
6 In nature's moſt delightful ſcene
my happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign
all other lands outvies.
7 Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe precepts give me light;
And private counſel ſtill afford
in ſorrow's diſmal night.
8 I ſtrive each action to approve
to his all-ſeeing eye;

No danger ſhall my hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
my glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt, in hopes to riſe,
wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath,
my ſoul from hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
the leaſt corruption ſee.
11 Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay,
which to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt plea and ſad complaint
attend, O righteous Lord;
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious ear afford.
2 As in thy ſight I am approv'd,
ſo let my ſentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
my upright dealing ſee.
3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my heart by day,
and viſited by night;
And, on the ſtricteſt trial, found
its ſecret motions right.
Nor ſhall thy juſtice, Lord, alone
my heart's deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my tongue
ſhall no offence commit.
4 I know what wicked men would do,
their ſafety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild commands
from bloody paths reſtrain.
5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of wrongs,
my innocence ſecure,
O guide me in thy righteous ways,
and make my footſteps ſure.
6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
to thee my pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine ear
to this my juſt requeſt.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love
in my defence engage;
Thou, whoſe right hand preſerves thy ſaints
from their oppreſſor's rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt care;
thy ſhelt'ring wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage foes,
that compaſs me about:
10 O'ergrown with luxury, inclos'd
in their own fat they lie;
And, with a proud blaſpheming mouth,
both God and man defy.
11 Well may they boaſt, for they have now
my paths encompaſs'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd,
and couching on the ground;
12 In poſture of a lion ſet,
when greedy of his prey;
Or a young lion, when he lurks
within a covert way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their plots,
their ſwelling rage controul;
From wicked men, who are thy ſword,
deliver thou my ſoul:
14 From worldly men, thy ſharpeſt ſcourge,
whoſe portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly ſtores, aſpire
no other bliſs to know.
15 Their race is num'rous, that partake
their ſubſtance while they live;
Their heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightneſs, thy face
ſhall view without controul;
And, waking, ſhall its image find
reflected in my ſoul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2 NO change of time ſhall ever ſhock
my firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock,
a fortreſs and defence to me.

Thou, my deliv'rer art, my God;
my truſt is in thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad,
at home my ſafeguard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I will addreſs my pray'r,
to whom all praiſe we juſtly owe;
So ſhall I, by thy watchful care,
be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
4, 5 By floods of wicked men diſtreſs'd,
with ſeas of ſorrow compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal pangs oppreſs'd,
in death's unwieldy fetters bound;
6 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his ear,
and heard me from his lofty throne.

PART II.

7 When God aroſe my part to take,
the conſcious earth was ſtruck with fear;
The hills did at his preſence ſhake,
nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of ſmoke diſpers'd abroad,
enſigns of wrath, before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd,
that coals were kindled at its flame.
9 He left the beauteous realms of light,
whilſt heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
Beneath his feet ſubſtantial night
was like a ſable carpet ſpread.
10 The chariot of the King of kings,
which active troops of angels drew,
On a ſtrong tempeſt's rapid wings,
with moſt amazing ſwiftneſs flew.
11, 12 Black watery miſts and clouds conſpir'd,
with thickeſt ſhades his face to veil;
But at his brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
and fell in ſhow'rs of fire and hail.
13 Through heav'ns wide arch a thund'ring peal,
God's angry voice did loudly roar;
While earth's ſad face with heaps of hail,
and flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.
14 His ſharpen'd arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd foes retreat;

Like darts his nimble light'nings flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their defeat.
15 The deep its ſecret ſtores diſclos'd,
the world's foundations naked lay;
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my ſide engage;
from Heav'n, his throne, my cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious rage
of threat'ning waves, that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs pow'r employ'd
my ſtrongeſt foes attempts to break;
Who elſe with eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
the weak defence that I could make.
18 Their ſubtle rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill, when other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.
19 From dangers that inclos'd me round,
he brought me forth, and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt cauſe his goodneſs found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Becauſe in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend:
My hands are free from bloody ſtains;
therefore the Lord is ſtill my friend.
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in ſight,
In his juſt paths I always trod;
I never did his ſtatutes ſlight,
nor looſely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But ſtill my ſoul, ſincere and pure,
did ev'n from darling ſins refrain;
His favours therefore yet endure,
becauſe my heart and hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous ways
to various paths of human-kind;
They who for mercy merit praiſe,
With thee ſhall wondrous mercy find.
Thou to the juſt ſhall juſtice ſhow;
the pure thy purity ſhall ſee:

Such as perverſely chuſe to go,
ſhall meet with due returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble ſoul will ſave,
and cruſh the haughty's boaſted might,
In me the Lord an inſtance gave,
whoſe darkneſs he has turn'd to light.
29 On his firm ſuccour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt he was on my ſide,
the beſt defended walls to ſcale.
30 For God's deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
his word will bear the utmoſt teſt;
He's a ſtrong ſhield to all that need,
and on his ſure protection reſt.
31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
can with reſiſtleſs pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
and all my juſt deſigns fulfils;
Through him my feet can ſwiftly run,
and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt hills.
34 Leſſons of war from him I take,
and manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of ſteel with eaſe I break,
Forc'd by my ſtronger arms to yield.
35 The buckler of his ſaving health
protects me from aſſaulting foes;
His hand ſuſtains me ſtill; my wealth
and greatneſs from his bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
till then to narrow paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlippery ways I trod,
the method of my ſteps deſign'd.
37 Through him I num'rous hoſts defeat,
and flying ſquadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce purſuit retreat,
till I a final conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try
their vanquiſh'd heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted ſtrength, they lie
beneath my feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when freſh armies take the field,
recruits my ſtrength, my courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing arms.
40 Through him the necks of proſtrate foes
my conquering feet in triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe,
Who hate and envy my ſucceſs.
41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd;
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cry'd;
but God would no aſſiſtance lend.
42 Like flying duſt, which winds purſue,
their broken troops I ſcattered round;
Their ſlaughter'd bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome dirt, that clogs the ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious tribes, at ſtrife till now,
by God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my ſceptre bow,
and foreign nations own my ſway.
44 Remoteſt realms their homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
charm'd with reſpect, or aw'd by fear.
45 All to my ſummons tamely yield,
or ſoon in battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger holds they quit the field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
the rock on whoſe defence I reſt!
To higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his ſalvation bleſt!
47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my right;
his juſt revenge my foes purſues;
'Tis he, that, with reſiſtleſs might,
fierce nations to my yoke ſubdues.
48 My univerſal ſafeguard he!
from whom my laſting honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free
from my remorſeleſs bloody foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his fame,
my grateful voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;

And nations, ſtrangers to his Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his praiſe:
" God to his king deliv'rance ſends;
" ſhows his annointed ſignal grace;
" his mercy evermore extends
" to David, and his promis'd race.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill;
The firmament and ſtars expreſs
their great Creator's ſkill.
2 The dawn of each returning day
freſh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
divine inſtruction ſprings.
3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and underſtood
alike by all mankind.
4 Their doctrine does its ſacred ſenſe
through earth's extent display;
Whoſe bright contents the circling ſun
does round the world convey.
5 No bridegroom on his nuptial day,
has ſuch a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
to run his glorious race.
6 From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to eaſt,
his reſtleſs courſe he goes;
And, through his progreſs, cheerful light
and vital warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect law converts the ſoul;
reclaims from falſe deſires;
With ſacred wiſdom his ſure word
the ignorant inſpires.
8 The ſtatutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere delight;
His pure commands in ſearch of truth
aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.
9 His perfect worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure foundations laid;

His equal laws are in the ſcales
of truth and juſtice weigh'd ;
10 Of more eſteem than golden mines,
or gold refin'd with ſkill ;
More ſweet than honey, or the drops
that from the comb diſtil.
11 My truſty counſellors they are,
and friendly warnings give ;
Divine rewards attend on thoſe,
who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man obſerves how oft
he does from virtue fall ?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all !
13 Let no preſumptuous ſin, O Lord,
dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy grace preſerv'd, I may,
the great tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my pray'r and praiſes be
with thy acceptance bleſt ;
And I ſecure on thy defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy requeſt attend,
and hear thee in diſtreſs ;
The name of Jacob's God defend,
and grant thy arms ſucceſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and ſtrength from Sion give ;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there,
thy ſacrifice receive.
4 To compaſs thy own heart's deſire
thy counſels ſtill direct ;
Make kindly all events conſpire
to bring them to effect.
5 To thy ſalvation, Lord, for aid
we cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name diſplay'd ;
" The Lord accept thy pray'r."
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord,
our ſov'reign, will defend :
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs aid afford,
and to his pray'r attend.

7 Some truſt in ſteeds for war deſign'd;
on chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to mind
the pow'r of God moſt high.
8 But from their ſteeds and chariots thrown,
behold them through the plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilſt firm our troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need,
the pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE king, O Lord, with ſongs of praiſe
ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoice;
With thy ſalvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips requeſt,
not only doſt impart;
But haſt, with thy acceptance, bleſt
the wiſhes of his heart.
3 Thy goodneſs and thy tender care
have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life; and thou, O Lord,
did'ſt to his pray'r attend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure defence through nations round
has ſpread his glorious name;
And his ſucceſsful actions crown'd
with majeſty and fame.
6 Eternal bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the brightneſs of thy face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the king on God alone
for timely aid relies;
His mercy ſtill ſupports his throne,
and all his wants ſupplies.

8 But righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn foes
ſhall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful arm ſhall find out thoſe,
that hate thy mild command.
9 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
their hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious anger ceaſe,
or with their ruin end;
But root out all their guilty race,
and to their ſeed extend.
11 For all their thoughts were ſet on ill,
their hearts on malice bent;
But thou with watchful care didſt ſtill
the ill effects prevent.
12 While they their ſwift retreat ſhall make
to 'ſcape thy dreadful might,
Thy ſwifter arrows ſhall o'ertake,
and gall them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous ſtrength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy fame;
Whilſt we glad ſongs of praiſe compoſe
to thy almighty name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
when I with anguiſh faint?
O! why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
to thee I do complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
but cry all night in vain.
3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore Iſrael's praiſes are
of right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our anceſtors rely'd,
and thy deliv'rance found;
With pious confidence they pray'd,
and with ſucceſs were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a worm;
like none of human birth;

Not only by the great revil'd,
but made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
my agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the lip, they ſhake the head,
and thus deriding ſay;
8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft
"that he was Heav'n's delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his favourite."

PART II.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming mother's womb
a living offſpring bear;
When but a ſuckling at the breaſt,
I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian-like, didſt ſhield from wrongs
my helpleſs infant days;
And ſince haſt been my God, and guide
through life's bewilder'd ways.
11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when trouble is ſo nigh;
O, ſend me help! thy help, on which
I only can rely.
12 High-pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd,
from Baſan's foreſt met,
With ſtrength proportion'd to their rage,
have me around beſet.
13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth
a yawning grave appears;
The deſert lion's ſavage roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My blood like water's ſpill'd, my joints
are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt,
like wax before the flame.
15 My ſtrength, like potter's earth, is parch'd;
my tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the ſilent ſhades of death
my fainting ſoul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
in pack'd aſſemblies meet:

They pierc'd my inoffenſive hands;
they pierc'd my harmleſs feet.
17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
diſtinctly may be told;
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of woe
as paſtime they behold.
18 As ſpoil, my garments they divide,
lots for my veſture caſt;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my ſtrength,
and to my ſuccour haſte.
20 From their ſharp ſwords protect thou me;
of all but life bereft:
Nor let my darling in the pow'r
of cruel dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the lion's jaws,
thy preſent ſuccour ſend;
As once, from goring unicorns,
thou didſt my life defend.
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
the triumphs of thy name;
In preſence of aſſembled ſaints
thy glory thus proclaim:
23 "Ye worſhippers of Jacob's God,
"all you of Iſrael's line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
"ſincere obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious eye;
"Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
"but hears its humble cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus, in thy ſacred courts, will I
my cheerful thanks expreſs;
In preſence of thy ſaints perform
the vows of my diſtreſs.
26 The meek companions of my grief
ſhall find my table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
with joys immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted world
to God their homage pay;
And ſcatter'd nations of the earth
one ſov'reign Lord obey.

28 'Tis his ſupreme prerogative
o'er ſubject kings to reign;
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,
who does the world ſuſtain.
29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
his bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous patron bleſs.
With humble worſhip to his throne
they all for aid reſort;
That pow'r, which firſt their beings gave,
can only them ſupport.
30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs race,
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring heirs his truth,
and glorious acts, proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant care,
my wants are all ſupply'd.
2 In tender graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where
refreſhing water flows.
3 He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
and, to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy vale of death,
from fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff
defend and comfort me.
5 In preſence of my ſpiteful foes
he does my table ſpread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
with oil anoints my head.
6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
and in his temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THE ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her fulneſs is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the ſeas;
and his almighty hand,
Upon inconſtant floods, has made
the ſtable fabric ſtand.
3 But for himſelf, this Lord of all
one choſen ſeat deſign'd;
O! who ſhall to that ſacred hill
deſerv'd admittance find?
4 The man, whoſe hands and heart are pure,
whoſe thoughts from pride are free;
Who honeſt poverty prefers
to gainful perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r his bleſſings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, ſhall vouchſafe
with righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the race of ſaints, by whom
the ſacred courts are trod;
And ſuch the proſelytes that ſeek
the face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your heads, eternal gates;
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee! he comes
with his celeſtial train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord, for ſtrength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold
in ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee! he comes
with all his ſhining train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord of hoſts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my heart and voice;
O! let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my foes rejoice.
3 Thoſe who on thee rely,
let no diſgrace attend;
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch,
as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
and lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
on thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies, and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever, kind.
7 Let all my youthful crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wond'rous goodneſs' ſake,
in mercy think on me.
8 His mercy, and his truth,
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring ſinners home,
and teaching them his ways.
9 He thoſe in juſtice guides,
who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred paths ſhall lead
the humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God
both truth and mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as, with religious hearts,
to his bleſt will incline.

PART II.

11 Since mercy is the grace,
that moſt exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous ſin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
in all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet ſoul with peace
ſhall be for ever bleſs'd;
And by his num'rous race the land
ſucceſſively poſſeſs'd;
14 For God to all his ſaints
his ſecret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
in their obedient hearts.
15 To him I lift my eyes,
and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous ſnare,
which for my feet was laid.
16 O! turn, and all my griefs,
in mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with woes,
and plung'd in deep diſtreſs.
17 The ſorrows of my heart
to mighty ſums increaſe;
O! from this dark and diſmal ſtate
my troubled ſoul releaſe!
18 Do thou, with tender eyes,
my ſad affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
entirely ſet me free.
19 Conſider, Lord, my foes,
how vaſt their numbers grow!
What lawleſs force and rage they uſe,
what boundleſs hate they ſhow!
20 Protect, and ſet my ſoul
from their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt truſt in thee.
21 Let all my righteous acts
to full perfection riſe;
Becauſe my firm and conſtant hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To Iſrael's choſen race
continue ever kind;
And, in the midſt of all their wants,
let them thy ſuccour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
of righteouſneſs have trod;

I cannot fail, who all my truſt
repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search thou my heart, whoſe innocence
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
and made thy truth my guide.
4 I never for companions took,
the idle or prophane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
could e'er my friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy plotting crew,
who make diſtracted times;
And ſhun their wicked company,
as I avoid their crimes.
6 I'll waſh my hands in innocence,
and bring a heart ſo pure,
That, when thy altar I approach,
my welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell
how thy renown excels;
That ſeat affords me moſt delight,
in which thy honour dwells.
9 Paſs not on me the ſinners' doom,
who murder make their trade;
10 Who others' rights, by ſecret bribes,
or open force, invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
and innocence purſue;
Protect me, therefore, and to me
thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpite of all aſſaulting foes,
I ſtill maintain my ground;
And ſhall ſurvive among thy ſaints,
thy praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving health and light?
Since ſtrongly he my life ſupports,
what can my ſoul affright?
2 With fierce intent my fleſh to tear,
when foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their haughty creſts
were made to ſtrike the ground.

3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares
with mighty hoſts to cope;
Through him, in doubtful ſtraits of war,
For good ſucceſs I hope.
4 Henceforth, within his houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
and of his will enquire.
5 For there I may with comfort reſt,
in times of deep diſtreſs;
And ſafe, as on a rock, abide
in that ſecure receſs:
6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty foes
my lofty head ſhall raiſe;
And I my joyful tribute bring,
with grateful ſongs of praiſe.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
nor my requeſt deny.
8 When us to ſeek thy glorious face
thou kindly doſt adviſe;
"Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek,"
my grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide thou not thy face, O Lord,
nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Though all my friends, and kindred too,
their helpleſs charge forſake;
Yet thou, whoſe love excels them all,
wilt care and pity take.
11 Inſtruct me in thy paths, O Lord;
my ways directly guide;
Leſt envious men, who watch my ſteps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel foes;
defeat their ill deſire,
Whoſe lying lips, and bloody hands,
againſt my peace conſpire.
13 I truſted that my future life
ſhould with thy love be crown'd;

Or elſe my fainting ſoul had ſunk,
with ſorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect,
who will inſpire thy breaſt
With inward ſtrength: do thou thy part,
and leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
in ſighs conſume my breath;
O! anſwer, or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in death.
2 Regard my ſupplication, Lord,
the cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
before thy mercy-ſeat.
3 Let me eſcape the ſinners' doom,
who make a trade of ill,
And ever ſpeak the perſon fair,
whoſe blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their crimes' extent,
let juſtice have its courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinn'd without remorſe.
5 Since they the works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his grace adore;
His wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
his praiſes will reſound,
From whom the cries of my diſtreſs
a gracious anſwer found.
7 My heart its confidence repos'd
in God, my ſtrength and ſhield;
In him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the field.
As he hath made my joys complete,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
and thus reſound his praiſe:
8 "His aiding pow'r ſupports the troops,
"that my juſt cauſe maintain:
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne;
"'tis he ſecures my reign."

9 Preſerve thy choſen, and proceed
thine heritage to bleſs;
With plenty proſper them, in peace;
in battle, with ſucceſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE princes, that in might excel,
your grateful ſacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh altars raiſe;
devoutly due reſpect afford:
Him in his holy temple praiſe,
where he's with ſolemn ſtate ador'd.
3 'Tis he that, with amazing noiſe,
the wat'ry clouds in ſunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
when he from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
with what majeſtic terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round.
6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurry'd far away;
And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
or unicorns in youthful play.
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd flames of light'ning ſends,
The foreſt nods, the deſert quakes,
and ſtubborn Kadeſh lowly bends.
9 He makes the hinds to caſt their young,
and lays the beaſts' dark coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his courts belong,
ſecurely ſing his praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high;
his boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe;
His ſaints with ſtrength he will ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy praiſes, Lord,
who did'ſt thy pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping head, and check
my foes' inſulting joy.

2, 3 In my diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
my hopeleſs life retrieve.
4 Thus to his courts ye ſaints of his,
with ſongs of praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
and providential care.
5 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
his favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
with joy's returning day.
6 But I, in proſp'rous days preſum'd;
no ſudden change I fear'd;
Whilſt in my ſunſhine of ſucceſs
no low'ring cloud appear'd.
7 But ſoon I found thy favour, Lord,
my empire's only truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy face, I ſaw
my honour laid in duſt.
8 Then as I vainly had preſum'd
my error I confeſs'd;
And thus with ſupplicating voice,
thy mercy's throne addreſs'd:
9 " What profit is there in my blood,
" congeal'd by death's cold night?
" Can ſilent aſhes ſpeak thy praiſe,
" thy wond'rous truth recite?
10 " Hear me, O Lord; in mercy hear;
" thy wonted aid extend;
" Do thou ſend help, on whom alone
" I can for help depend."
11 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful ſcene
to ſongs and dances turn'd;
Inveſted me with robes of ſtate,
who late in ſackcloth mourn'd.
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy praiſe in grateful verſe;
And, as thy favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from ſhame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;

As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
from danger ſet me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
and ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
Do thou my ſtedfaſt rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.
3 Since thou, when foes oppreſs,
my rock and fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this diſtreſs,
thy wonted help impart.
4 Releaſe me from the ſnare,
which they have cloſely laid;
Since I, O God, my ſtrength, repair
to thee alone for aid.
5 To thee, the God of truth,
my life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my youth,)
I willingly reſign.
6 All vain deſigns I hate
of thoſe that truſt in lies;
And ſtill my ſoul, in ev'ry ſtate,
to God for ſuccour flies.

PART II.

7 Thoſe mercies thou haſt ſhown,
I'll cheerfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my ſtraits, and known
my ſoul in deep diſtreſs.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race
did all my ſtrength incloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my feet a larger ſpace,
to ſhun my watchful foes.
9 Thy mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt complaint;
For both my ſoul and fleſh decay,
with grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppreſs;
my years are ſpent in groans;
My ſins have made my ſtrength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my bones.
11 My foes my ſuff'rings mock'd;
my neighbours did upbraid;
My friends, at ſight of me, were ſhock'd,
and fled, as men diſmay'd.

12 Forſook by all am I,
as dead, and out of mind;
And like a ſhatter'd veſſel lie,
whoſe parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet ſland'rous words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my pow'r to dread;
Whilſt they together counſel take
my guiltleſs blood to ſhed.
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt truſt
I on thy help repoſe:
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my ſoul with comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er events betide,
thy wiſdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy ſervant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his fall.
16 The brightneſs of thy face
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my foes.
17 Me from diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on thee;
Let that, and ſilence in the grave,
the ſinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues reſtrain,
whoſe breath in lies is ſpent;
Who falſe reports, with proud diſdain,
againſt the righteous vent.
19 How great thy mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name,
Which thou for thoſe that truſt thy care,
doſt to the world proclaim!
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy ſight,
from proud oppreſſors free;
From tongues that do in ſtrife delight,
they are preſerv'd by thee.
21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever bleſt;
Whoſe love, in Keilah's well-fenc'd town,
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
22 I ſaid, in haſty flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine eyes;"

Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy ſight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt cries.
23 O! all ye ſaints, the Lord
with eager love purſue;
Who to the juſt will help afford,
and give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely,
courageouſly proceed;
For he will ſtill your hearts ſupply
with ſtrength, in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt whoſe ſins have pardon gain'd;
no more in judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe repentance is ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting ſore,
my bones conſum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguiſh roar;
but no complaints aſſwag'd my grief.
4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
by day and night alike diſtreſs'd,
Till quite of vital moiſture drain'd,
like land with ſummer's drought oppreſs'd.
5 No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
the guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
6 True penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs ſinners drown'd.
7 Thy favor, Lord, in all diſtreſs,
my tow'r of refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty foes ſuppreſs,
and me with ſongs of triumph crown.
8 In my inſtruction then confide,
ye that would truth's ſafe path deſcry;
Your progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful eye.
9 Submit yourſelves to wiſdom's rule,
like men that reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd horſe and mule,
whoſe fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows on ſorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd ſinner ſhall confound:
But them who in his truth confide,
bleſſings of mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His ſaints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph ſhall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cauſe,
In grateful raptures ſhout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the juſt to God, with joy,
their cheerful voices raiſe;
For well the righteous it becomes
to ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.
2, 3 Let harps, and pſalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made ſongs of loud applauſe
the harmony complete.
4, 5 For faithful is the word of God;
his works with truth abound;
He juſtice loves; and all the earth
is with his goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word, at firſt,
the heavenly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hoſts of light
at his command appear'd.
7 The ſwelling floods, together roll'd,
he makes in heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a ſtorehouſe ſafe,
the wat'ry treaſures by.
8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling ſtand;
For, when he ſpake the word, 'twas made;
'twas fix'd at his command.
10 He, when the heathen cloſely plot,
their councils undermines;
His wiſdom ineffectual makes
the people's raſh deſigns.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled purpoſe of his heart
To ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world beſides,
has choſen for his own.
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth,
from heav'n, his throne, ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their works, and view'd their thoughts;
by him their hearts were made.
16, 17 No king is ſafe by num'rous hoſts;
their ſtrength the ſtrong deceives:
No manag'd horſe, by force or ſpeed,
his warlike rider ſaves.
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him
beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their ſoul from death; their want,
in time of dearth, ſupplies.
20, 21 Our ſoul on God with patience waits;
our help and ſhield is he;
Then, Lord, let ſtill our hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THROUGH all the changing ſcenes of life,
in trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my example comfort take,
and charm their griefs to reſt.
3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name:
4 When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
he to my reſcue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to him for aid;
Deſir'd ſucceſs in every face
A cheerful air diſplay'd.

6 " Behold, (ſay they) behold the man,
" whom providence reliev'd ;
" The man ſo dang'rouſly beſet,
" ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd !
7 The hoſts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the juſt ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his ſuccour truſt.
8 O ! make but trial of his love,
experience will decide
How bleſt they are, and only they,
who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye ſaints ; and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear :
Make you his ſervice your delight,
your wants ſhall be his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey,
the Lord will food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in him,
and ſee their needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piously diſpos'd,
And my inſtruction hear ;
I'll teach you the true diſcipline
of his religious fear.
12 Let him who length of life deſires,
and proſp'rous days would ſee,
13 From ſland'ring language keep his tongue,
his lips from falſhood free ;
14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
and virtue's ways purſue ;
Eſtabliſh peace, where 'tis begun ;
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the juſt
with favorable eyes ;
And, when diſtreſs'd, his gracious ear
is open to their cries ;
16 But turns his wrathful look on those
whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his ſaints he gives,
when his relief they crave ;

18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
and contrite ſpirit ſave.
19 The wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the juſt conſpire;
20 For under their afflictions' weight
he keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked, from their wicked arts,
their ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.
22 For God preſerves the ſouls of thoſe
who on his truth depend;
To them, and their poſterity,
his bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord aſſert my right;
With ſuch as war unjuſtly wage,
do thou my battles fight.
2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy ſhield
upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, O God, in my defence,
and keep me ſafe from harm.
3 Bring forth thy ſpear; and ſtop their courſe,
that haſte my blood to ſpill;
Say to my ſoul, "I am thy health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4 Let them with ſhame be cover'd o'er,
who my deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my harm deviſe,
be to confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like chaff
before the driving wind;
God's vengeful miniſter of wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And when, through dark and ſlipp'ry ways,
they ſtrive his rage to ſhun,
His vengeful miniſters of wrath
ſhall goad them as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong,
they hid their treach'rous ſnare;
And, for my harmleſs ſoul, a pit
did, without cauſe, prepare;

8 Surpris'd by miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own arts betray'd,
Their feet ſhall fall into the net,
which they for me had laid;
9 Whilſt my glad ſoul ſhall God's great Name
for this deliv'rance bleſs,
And, by his ſaving health ſecur'd,
its grateful joy expreſs.
10 My very bones ſhall ſay, "O Lord,
"who can compare with thee?
"Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs man
"from ſtrong oppreſſors free."

PART II.

11 Falſe witneſſes, with forg'd complaints,
againſt my truth combin'd;
And to my charge ſuch things they laid,
as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The good which I to them had done,
with evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeſerv'd,
my harmleſs life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick,
I ſtill in ſackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and faſted, and my pray'r
to my own breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my friends or brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent ſigns of grief
a mother's loſs deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove,
in times of my diſtreſs!
When they, in crowds together met,
did ſavage joy expreſs.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs,
by their example came;
And ceas'd not, with reviling words,
to wound my ſpotleſs fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt,
and earn their bread with lies,
Did gnaſh their teeth, and ſland'ring jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my behalf appear;

And ſave my guiltleſs ſoul, which they,
like rav'ning beaſts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I, before the liſt'ning world,
ſhall grateful thanks expreſs;
And where the great aſſembly meets,
thy Name with praiſes bleſs.

19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open joy, or ſecret ſigns,
to mock my ſad eſtate.

20 For they, with hearts averſe to peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe,
Againſt the men of quiet minds
to forge malicious lies.

21 Nor with theſe private arts content,
aloud they vent their ſpite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out,
"he did it in our ſight."

22 But thou, who doſt both them and me
with righteous eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.

23 Stir up thyſelf in my behalf;
to judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous ſervant's cauſe, O God,
to thy deciſion take.

24 Lord, as my heart has upright been,
let me thy juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain
the triumph they deſign'd.

25 O! let them not, amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting language ſay,
"At length our wiſhes are complete;
"at laſt he's made our prey."

26 Let ſuch as in my harm rejoic'd,
for ſhame their faces hide;
And foul diſhonour wait on thoſe,
that proudly me defy'd:

27 Whilſt they with cheerful voices ſhout,
who my juſt cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
ſucceſs his ſaints attend.

28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
inspir'd with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns, in praise of thee,
shall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
his wicked purpose would disguise;
But reason whispers to my heart,
he ne'er sets God before his eyes.
2 He soothes himself, retir'd from sight;
secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,
their false contriver brand with shame.
3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd,
whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
True wisdom's banish'd from his breast,
and vice has sole dominion there.
4 His wakeful malice spends the night
in forging his accurs'd designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous spite
no execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
above the heav'nly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
beyond the spreading sky extends.
6 Thy justice like the hills remains;
unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
the whole creation is thy care.
7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
with what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
and saints to thy protection trust!
8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
to banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
of joys that shall forever last.
9 With thee the springs of life remain;
thy presence is eternal day:
10 O let thy saints thy favour gain;
to upright hearts thy truth display.
11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
and wicked hands my life surprise,

12 Their miſchiefs on themſelves return;
down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful ſtate
thy anger or thy envy raiſe;
2 For they, cut down like tender graſs,
Or like young flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
whoſe blooming beauty ſoon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land ſhalt ſtay,
ſecure from danger, and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
ſhall all thy earneſt wiſhes grant.
5 In all thy ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
to perfect ev'ry juſt deſign;
6 He'll make, like light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
and as a mid-day ſun to ſhine.
7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
nor let thy anger fondly riſe,
Though wicked men with wealth abound,
And with ſucceſs the plots are crown'd
which they maliciouſly deviſe.
8 From anger ceaſe, and wrath forſake;
Let no ungovern'd paſſion make
thy wav'ring heart eſpouſe their crime;
9 For God ſhall ſinful men deſtroy;
Whilſt only they the land enjoy,
who truſt on him, and wait his time.
10 How ſoon ſhall wicked men decay!
Their place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found;
11 Whilſt humble ſouls poſſeſs the earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly mirth,
with peace and plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 While ſinful crowds, with falſe deſign,
Againſt the righteous few combine,
and gnaſh their teeth and threat'ning ſtand;

13 God ſhall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride:
he ſees their ruin near at hand.
14 They draw the ſword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to ſlay;
15 But their ſtrong bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd weapon's mortal ſtroke
through their own hearts ſhall force its way.
16 A little, with God's favour bleſs'd,
That's by one righteous man poſſeſs'd,
the wealth of many bad excels;
17 For God ſupports the juſt man's cauſe;
But as for thoſe that break his laws,
Their unſucceſsful power he quells.
18 His conſtant care the upright guides,
And over all their life preſides;
Their portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19 They, when diſtreſs o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in dearth
the happy fruits of plenty taſte.
20 Not ſo the wicked man, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's will oppoſe;
deſtruction is their hapleſs ſhare:
Like fat of lambs, their hopes, and they,
Shall in an inſtant melt away,
and vaniſh into ſmoke and air,

PART III.

21 While ſinners, brought to ſad decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
the juſt have will and pow'r to give.
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the earth poſſeſs;
and thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.
23 The good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the ſteps aright
of him that moves by his command;
24 Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd;
for God upholds him with his hand.
25 From my firſt youth till age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the righteous fail'd,
or want o'ertake his num'rous race;

26 Becauſe compaſſion fill'd his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increaſe.
27 With caution ſhun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
and ſo prolong your happy days;
28 For God, who judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his ſaints ſecure from ill,
while ſoon the wicked race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright ſhall poſſeſs the land;
His portion ſhall for ages ſtand;
his mouth with wiſdom is ſupply'd:
His tongue by rules of judgment moves;
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful ſinner lies
In vain the righteous to ſurpriſe;
in vain his ruin does decree:
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his revenge expos'd, but ſave;
and, when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.
34 Wait ſtill on God; keep his command,
And thou, exalted in the land,
thy bleſs'd poſſeſſion ne'er ſhall quit:
The wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal tragedy
thou ſhalt a ſafe ſpectator ſit.
35 The wicked I in pow'r have ſeen,
And, like a bay-tree, freſh and green,
that ſpreads its pleaſant branches round:
36 But he was gone as ſwift as thought;
And, though in ev'ry place I ſought,
no ſign or track of him I found.
37 Obſerve the perfect man with care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are;
their rougheſt days in peace ſhall end:
38 While on the latter end of thoſe,
Who dare God's ſacred will oppoſe,
a common ruin ſhall attend.
39 God to the juſt will aid afford;
Their only ſafeguard is the Lord;
their ſtrength in time of need is he:

40 Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely ſuccour ſend,
and from the wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſt'ning wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
though I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the ſtorm
of thy diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me,
thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more ſuſtain.
3 My fleſh is one continued wound,
thy wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my puniſhment and guilt
my bones have no repoſe.
4 My ſins, which to a deluge ſwell,
my ſinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble ſtrength to bear,
too vaſt a burden grow.
5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds;
my folly's juſt return;
6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd diſeaſe afflicts my loins,
infecting ev'ry part;
8 With ſickness worn, I groan and roar
through anguiſh of my heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching eyes
all my deſires appear;
And ſure my groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine ear.
10 My heart's oppreſs'd, my ſtrength decay'd,
my eyes depriv'd of light;
11 Friends, lovers, kinſmen gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal ſight.
12 Meanwhile, the foes that ſeek my life
their ſnares to take me ſet;
Vent ſlanders, and contrive all day
to forge ſome new deceit:
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd;

14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe tongue
with conſcious guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd cauſe wilt hear.
16 "Hear me," ſaid I, "leſt my proud foes
"a ſpiteful joy diſplay;
"Inſulting, if they ſee my foot
"but once to go aſtray."
17 And, with continual grief oppreſs'd,
to ſink I now begin;
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to thee bewail my ſin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud foes
their ſtrength and vigour boaſt;
And they that hate me without cauſe
are grown a dreadful hoſt.
20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
my kindneſs with deſpite;
And are my enemies, becauſe
I chooſe the path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my relief, O thou,
who my ſalvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my haſty words, when I
the wicked proſp'rous ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb, I ſilent ſtood,
and did my tongue refrain
From good diſcourſe; but that reſtraint
increas'd my inward pain.
3 My heart did glow with working thoughts,
and no repoſe could take;
Till ſtrong reflection fann'd the fire,
and thus at length I ſpake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
how ſoon my life will end:
The num'rous train of ills diſcloſe,
which this frail ſtate attend.

5 My life, thou know'ſt, is but a ſpan;
a cypher ſums my years;
And ev'ry man, in beſt eſtate,
but vanity appears.
6 Man, like a ſhadow, vainly walks,
with fruitleſs cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.
7 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs toys,
with anxious care attend?
On thee alone my ſtedfaſt hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my ſins; nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh ſinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
In mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy load ſhould prove.
11 For when thou chaſt'neſt man for ſin,
thou mak'ſt his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like cloth
by fretting moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And liſten to my pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a ſtranger here,
as all my fathers were.
13 O! ſpare me yet a little time;
my waſted ſtrength reſtore,
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
till he vouchſaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
and heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2 He took me from the diſmal pit,
when founder'd deep in miry clay;
On ſolid ground he plac'd my feet,
and ſuffer'd not my ſteps to ſtray.
3 The wonders he for me has wrought
ſhall fill my mouth with ſongs of praiſe;

And others, to his worſhip brought,
to hopes of like deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For bleſſings ſhall that man reward,
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with diſregard,
and hates the hypocrite's diſguiſe.
5 Who can the wond'rous works recount
which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The treaſures of thy love ſurmount
the pow'r of numbers, ſpeech, and thought.
6 I've learn't that thou haſt not deſir'd
off'rings and ſacrifice alone
Nor blood of guiltleſs beaſts requir'd
For man's tranſgreſſion to atone.
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
the oracles thy books impart;
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
thy law is written in my heart.

PART II.

9 In full aſſemblies I have told
thy truth and righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my lips withhold
from utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in charge:
10 Nor kept within my breaſt confin'd
thy faithfulneſs and ſaving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all deſign'd,
that all might that, and truth, embrace.
11 Then let thoſe mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindneſs my reward,
thy truth my ſafe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am diſtreſs'd,
too numberleſs for me to bear;
Nor leſs with loads of guilt oppreſs'd,
that plunge and ſink me to deſpair.
As ſoon, alas! may I recount
the hairs of this afflicted head;
My vanquiſh'd courage they ſurmount,
and fill my drooping ſoul with dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing need;

In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that deliv'rance ſpeed.
14 Confuſion on their heads return,
who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.
15 Their doom let deſolation be,
with ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
and ſport of my affliction made.
16 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy face,
to joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving grace,
with me reſound, The Lord be prais'd.
17 Thus, wretched though I am and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou God who only canſt reſtore,
to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the man whoſe tender care
relieves the poor diſtreſs'd!
When troubles compaſs him around,
the Lord ſhall give him reſt.
2 The Lord his life, with bleſſings crown'd,
in ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe
that ſeek to do him wrong.
3 If he in languiſhing eſtate,
oppreſs'd with ſickneſs lie;
The Lord will eaſy make his bed,
and inward ſtrength ſupply,
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r addreſs'd;
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my ſoul,
"though I have much tranſgreſs'd."
5 My cruel foes, with ſland'rous words,
attempt to wound my fame;
"When ſhall he die," ſay they, "and men
"forget his very name?"
6 Suppoſe they formal viſits make,
'tis all but empty ſhow;
They gather miſchief in their hearts,
and vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe;
"A ſore diſeaſe afflicts him now;
"he's fall'n no more to riſe."
9 My own familiar boſom-friend,
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily gueſt he was,
with open ſcorn defy'd.
10 But thou my ſad and wretched ſtate,
in mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their crimes
may meet their juſt reward.
11 By this I know thy gracious ear
is open, when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuffer'ſt not my foes
to triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care ſecures my life
from danger and diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore Iſrael's Lord and God
from age to age be bleſs'd;
And all the people's glad applauſe
with loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
when heated in the chace;
So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty ſoul doth pine;
O! when ſhall I behold thy face,
thou Majeſty Divine?
3 Tears are my conſtant food, while thus
inſulting foes upbraid;
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God?
"and where's his promis'd aid?"
4 I ſigh, whene'er my muſing thoughts
thoſe happy days preſent,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
thy temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe,
my ſolemn vows to pay,

And led the joyful ſacred throng,
that kept the feſtal day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
truſt God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change theſe ſighs
to thankful hymns of joy.
6 My ſoul's caſt down, O God! but thinks
on thee and Sion ſtill;
From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
and Mizar's humbler hill.
7 One trouble calls another on,
and, gath'ring o'er my head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my ſoul
a roaring ſea is ſpread.
8 But when thy preſence, Lord of life,
has once diſpell'd this ſtorm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems ſing,
and all my vows perform.
9 God of my ſtrength, how long ſhall I,
like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my oppreſſor's ſcorn?
10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a ſword,
while thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaſter, where is now thy God?
"and where his promis'd aid?"
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
hope ſtill; and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy health's eternal ſpring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of heav'n, againſt my foes
do thou aſſert my injur'd right;
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in deceit and wrong delight.
2 Since thou art ſtill my only ſtay,
why leav'ſt thou me in deep diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the day,
whilſt me inſulting foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with light and truth be bleſt;
be theſe my guides, to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred temple pray.

4 Then will I there freſh altars raiſe
to God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with ſongs of praiſe,
ſhall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my ſoul? and why
ſo much oppreſs'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd ſtate repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told
in our attentive ears,
Thy wonders, in their days perform'd,
and elder times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the heathen from this land,
Diſpeopled by repeated ſtrokes
of thy avenging hand.
3 For not their courage, nor their ſword,
to them poſſeſſion gave;
Nor ſtrength, that from unequal force
their fainting troops could ſave:
But thy right-hand, and pow'rful arm,
whoſe ſuccour they implor'd;
Thy preſence with the choſen race,
who thy great Name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our father's own'd,
thou art our ſov'reign King;
O! therefore, as thou did'ſt to them.
to us deliv'rance bring.
5 Through thy victorious Name, our arms
the proudeſt foes ſhall quell;
And cruſh them with repeated ſtrokes,
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my bow nor ſword,
when I in fight engage;
7 But thee, who haſt our foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the conqueſt came:
In God, we will rejoice all day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off; and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our armies to the field:
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart foe
we turn our backs in fight;
And with our ſpoil their malice feaſt,
who bear us ancient ſpite.
11 To ſlaughter doom'd, we fall, like ſheep,
into their butch'ring hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive,
diſpers'd through heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou haſt ſold for ſlaves,
and ſet their price ſo low,
That not thy treaſure, by the ſale,
but their diſgrace, may grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round,
the heathen's by-word grown;
Whoſe ſcorn of us is both in ſpeech,
and mocking geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind; my face
in conſcious ſhame I hide;
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd,
by their licentious pride.

PART III.

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n;
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,
or faith to thee abjur'd:
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
our hearts and ſteps with care;
19 Though thou haſt broken all our ſtrength,
and we almoſt deſpair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all hearts
the treach'rous crime deſcry?
22 Thou ſee'ſt what ſuff'rings, for thy ſake,
we ev'ry day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like ſheep
appointed to be ſlain.

23 Awake, ariſe ; let ſeeming ſleep
no longer thee detain ;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to thee,
for ever ſue in vain.
24 Oh ! wherefore hideſt thou thy face
from our afflicted ſtate,
25 Whoſe ſouls and bodies ſink to earth
with grief's oppreſſive weight.
26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely haſte
to our deliv'rance make ;
Redeem us, Lord ;—if not for ours,
yet for thy mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud praiſe rehearſe,
indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
that writes with ready art.
2 How matchleſs is thy form, O King!
thy mouth with grace o'erflows ;
Becauſe freſh bleſſings God on thee
eternally beſtows.
3 Gird on thy ſword, moſt mighty Prince ;
and clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r,
majeſtic pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in ſtate, and ſtill protect
the meek, the juſt, and true ;
Whilſt thy right hand, with ſwift revenge,
does all thy foes purſue.
5 How ſharp thy weapons are to them
that dare thy pow'r deſpiſe !
Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart
the feather'd arrow flies.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
for ever to endure ;
Thy ſceptre's ſway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous laws ſecure.
7 Becauſe thy heart, by juſtice led,
did upright ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked paths,
where wand'ring ſinners rove ;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the oil of gladneſs ſhed ;

And has, above thy fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With caſſia, aloes, and myrrh,
thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the ſtately wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful odours round.
9 Among the honourable train
did princely virgins wait;
The queen was plac'd at thy right hand,
in golden robes of ſtate.

PART II.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
and to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now,
and ev'ry former friend.
11 So ſhall thy beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord;
to him due rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
ſhall humble preſents make;
And all the wealthy nations ſue
thy favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer ſoul
all inward graces fill;
Her raiment is of pureſt gold,
adorn'd with coſtly ſkill.
14 She in her nuptial garments dreſs'd,
with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the ſtate of ſolemn joy
the triumph moves along;
Till, with wide gates, the royal court
receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
muſt princely ſons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'ſt ſend,
to govern and protect;
17 Whilſt this my ſong to future times
tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the world, with one conſent,
thy laſting praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs;
A preſent help when dangers preſs;
in him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2, 3 Though earth were from her centre toſt,
And mountains in the ocean loſt,
torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler ſtream with gladneſs ſtill
The city of our Lord ſhall fill,
the royal ſeat of God moſt high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' aſſaults of earthly pow'rs,
while his Almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war againſt us wag'd,
he thunder'd, and diſpers'd their pow'rs:
7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
our fathers' Guardian-God, and ours.
8 Come, ſee the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what deſolation brought;
how he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike ſpear and bow;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty ſway;
For him the heathen ſhall obey,
and earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs:
11 The God of Hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
as to our fathers in diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye people, clap your hands,
and with triumphant voices ſing;
No force the mighty pow'r withſtands
of God, the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing nations quell,
and with ſucceſs our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we muſt dwell,
the pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with ſhouts of joy, and trumpets' ſound,

To him repeated praiſes ſing,
and let the cheerful ſong rebound.
7, 8 Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhown,
for him, who all the world commands,
Who ſits upon his righteous throne,
and ſpreads his ſway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence
to ſerve the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their conſtant ſure defence:
how great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd;
In Sion, on whoſe happy mount
his ſacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth,
with beauteous proſpect riſe;
On her north ſide th' Almighty King's
imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known;
his preſence is her guard:
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their ſiege,
and of ſucceſs deſpair'd.
5 They view'd her walls, admir'd, and fled,
with grief and terror ſtruck;
6 Like women, whom the ſudden pangs
of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarſhiſh' wealthy coaſts
by eaſtern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have ſeen perform'd
a work that was foretold,
In pledge that God for times to come,
his city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortreſſes and walls
did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
in which thou doſt reſide.
10 According to thy ſov'reign Name,
thy praiſe through earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes or defends.

11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp;
your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there
you find one stone displac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces survey;
observe their order well;
That, with assurance, to your heirs
his wonders you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the list'ning world attend,
and my instruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
with joint consent give ear.
3 My mouth with sacred wisdom fil'd,
shall good advice impart;
The sound result of prudent thoughts,
digested in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty sense
I will my ear incline;
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing
dark words of deep design.
5 Why should my courage fail in times
of danger and of doubt,
When sinners that would me supplant,
have compass'd me about?
6 Those men, that all their hope and trust
in heaps of treasure place,
And boast in triumph, when they see
their ill-got wealth increase,
7 Are yet unable from the grave
their dearest friend to free;
Nor can, by force of bribes, reverse
th' Almighty Lord's decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit;
the price is held too high;

No ſums can purchaſe ſuch a grant,
that man ſhould never die.
10 Not wiſdom can the wiſe exempt,
nor fools their folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in death
their wealth to others leave.
11 For though they think their ſtately ſeats
ſhall ne'er to ruin fall,
But their remembrance laſt in lands
which by their names they call;
12 Yet ſhall their fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſo'er their ſtate;
With beaſts their memory, and they,
ſhall ſhare one common fate.

PART II.

13 How great their folly is, who thus
abſurd concluſions make!
And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs miſtake.
14 They all, like ſheep to ſlaughter led,
the prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the juſt rejoice,
within the grave ſhall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my ſoul;
and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
in envy'd wealth abound;
Nor though their proſp'rous houſe increaſe,
with ſtate and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're ſummon'd hence by death,
they leave all this behind;
No ſhadow of their former pomp
within the grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their ſtate was bleſt,
caught in the flatt'rer's ſnare,
Who with their vanity comply'd,
and prais'd their worldly care.
19 In their forefathers' ſteps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched anceſtors and they
in endleſs darkneſs lie.

20 For man, how great ſo'er his ſtate,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual beaſt he lives,
ſo like a beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his ſummons all abroad,
from dawning light, till day declines:
The lift'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
where beauty in perfection ſhines.
3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd ſilence, as before;
but waſting flames before him ſend:
Around ſhall tempeſts fiercely rage,
Whilſt he does heav'n and earth engage
his juſt tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Aſſemble all my ſaints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree)
that in my laſting cov'nant live,
And off'rings bring with conſtant care:
The heav'ns his juſtice ſhall declare;
for God himſelf ſhall ſentence give.
7, 8 Attend, my people; Iſrael, hear;
Thy ſtrong accuſer I'll appear;
thy God, thy only God, am I:
'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple ſlain,
my ſacred altar did ſupply.
9 Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy ſtall I'll take,
nor he-goat from thy fold accept:
10 The foreſt beaſts, that range alone,
The cattle too are all my own,
that on a thouſand hills are kept.
11 I know the fowls, that build their neſts
In craggy rocks; and ſavage beaſts,
that looſely haunt the open fields:
12 If ſeiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek relief from thee,
ſince the world's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
to eat their fleſh and drink their blood?
14 The ſacrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inſpire,
and vows with ſtricteſt care made good.
15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
and thou returns of praiſe ſhalt make.
16 But to the wicked thus ſaith God:
How dar'ſt thou teach my laws abroad,
or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou confirm'd in ſin,
Haſt proof againſt inſtruction been,
and of my word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18 When thou a ſubtle thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly with him didſt agree,
and with adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile ſlander is thy chief delight;
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and ſpite,
deceitful tales does hourly ſpread:
20 Thou doſt with hateful ſcandals wound
Thy brother, and with lies confound
the offspring of thy mother's bed.
21 Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with ſilence, and with love,
till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
and ſet thy ſins before thine eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, leſt I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
whilſt none ſhall dare your cauſe to own:
23 Who praiſes me, due honour gives;
And to the man that juſtly lives
my ſtrong ſalvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſs'd with loads of guilt,
thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul offence,
and cleanſe me from my ſin;

For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
how great my guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy ſight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd; and though condemn'd
muſt own thy judgment right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd
of all this ſinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the heir of ſin and ſhame.
6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching eye
does inward truth require,
In ſecret didſt with wiſdom's laws
my tender ſoul inſpire.
7 With hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be;
I ſhall with ſnow in whiteneſs vie,
when purifi'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy
thy kind forgiving voice;
That ſo the bones which thou haſt broke
may with freſh ſtrength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying ſins,
nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
an upright mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlaſting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm ſupport
my fainting ſoul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous ways
to ſinners will impart;
Whilſt my advice ſhall wicked men
to thy juſt laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove,
my Saviour, and my God;
And my glad tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my lips,
with ſorrow clos'd and ſhame;
So ſhall my mouth thy wond'rous praiſe
to all the world proclaim.
16 Could ſacrifice atone,
whole flocks and herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious eye.
17 A broken ſpirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18 Let Sion favour find,
of thy good will aſſur'd;
And thy own city flouriſh long,
by lofty walls ſecur'd.
19 The juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing tribute pay;
And ſacrifice of choiceſt kind
upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O man of lawleſs might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked tongue doth ſland'rous tales
maliciouſly deviſe;
And, ſharper than a razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous lies.
3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
on lies than truth, employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
the guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
nor in the world, to ſtay.
6 The juſt, with pious fear, ſhall ſee
the downfal of thy pride;
And at thy ſudden ruin laugh,
and thus thy fall deride:
7 "See there the man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,

" Who truſted in his wealth, and ſtill
" on wicked arts rely'd."
8 But I am like thoſe olive-plants
that ſhade God's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9 So ſhall my ſoul, with praiſe, O God,
extol thy wond'rous love;
And on thy Name with patience wait;
for this thy ſaints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe
that God is but a name;
This groſs miſtake their practice ſhows,
ſince virtue all diſclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'ns high tow'r,
the ſons of men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his pow'r,
or truth or juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw, were backward gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for religion car'd, not one
of all the ſinful race.
4 But are thoſe workers of deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they like bread my people eat,
and God's juſt pow'r diſown?
5 Their cauſeleſs fear ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his ſaving pow'r employ
to break our ſervile band,
Loud ſhouts of univerſal joy
ſhould echo through the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name;
and in thy ſtrength appear,
To judge my cauſe; accept my pray'r,
and to my words give ear.
3 Mere ſtrangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;

And cruel men, that fear no God,
against my ſoul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends,
and he's the ſureſt guard;
The God of truth ſhall give my foes
their falſhood's due reward;
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring,
and ſacrifice with joy;
And in his praiſe my time to come
delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free;
Through him ſhall I of all my foes
the juſt deſtruction ſee.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble ſuppliant turn
thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my ſad complaint,
and hear my grievous moans;
While I my mournful caſe declare,
with artleſs ſighs and groans.
3 Hark how the foe inſults aloud!
how fierce oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous tongues, with wrathful hate,
againſt my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain; my ſoul
with deadly frights diſtreſs'd;
With fear and trembling compaſs'd round,
with horror quite oppreſs'd.
6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the dove's ſwift wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy flight,
and ſeek a ſafe retreat.
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild deſerts ſtray,
Till all this furious ſtorm were ſpent,
this tempeſt paſs'd away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill deſigns,
their counſels ſoon divide;

For through the city my griev'd eyes
have ſtrife and rapine ſpy'd.
10 By day and night, on ev'ry wall
they walk their conſtant round;
And in the midſt of all her ſtrength
are grief and miſchief found.
11 Whoe'er through ev'ry part ſhall roam,
will freſh diſorders meet;
Deceit and guile their conſtant poſts
maintain in ev'ry ſtreet.
12 For 'twas not any open foe
that falſe reflections made;
For then I could with eaſe have borne
the bitter things he ſaid;
'Twas none who hatred had profeſs'd,
that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf
from his malicious eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend,
whom tend'reſt love did join;
Whoſe ſweet advice I valued moſt;
whoſe pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,
ſuch traitors muſt ſurpriſe,
And ſudden death requite thoſe ills
they wickedly deviſe.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, and night, I'll pray;
and he my voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my ſoul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous hoſt of friends
my righteous cauſe defend.
19 For he, who was my help of old,
ſhall now his ſuppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous ſtate
makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt ties?

21 Though ſoft and melting are their words,
their hearts with war abound;
Their ſpeeches are more ſmooth than oil,
and yet like ſwords they wound.
22 Do thou, my ſoul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the juſt, whom to ſupplant
the wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I, for health and length of days,
on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO thou, O God, in mercy help;
for man my life purſues:
To cruſh me with repeated wrongs,
he daily ſtrife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful foes
to ruin me combine;
Thou ſeeſt, who ſitt'ſt enthron'd on high,
what mighty numbers join.
3 But though ſometimes ſurpris'd by fear,
on danger's firſt alarm;
Yet ſtill for ſuccour I depend
on thy Almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely;
In God I truſt, and, truſting him,
the arm of fleſh defy.
5 They wreſt my words, and make them ſpeak
a ſenſe they never meant;
Their thoughts are all, with reſtleſs ſpite,
on my deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked projects lay;
They watch my ſteps, and lie in wait
to make my ſoul their prey.
7 Shall ſuch injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt wrath, too long provok'd,
this impious race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou numb'reſt all my ſteps, ſince firſt
I was compell'd to flee;

My very tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,
my foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God
my righteous cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's word, and ſo deſpiſe
the force that man can raiſe;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due;
to thee I'll render praiſe.
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my ſoul from death;
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my footſteps ſure:
14 That thus protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy;
And in the ſervice of my God
my lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY mercy, Lord, to me extend;
On thy protection I depend;
And to thy wing for ſhelter haſte,
Till this outrageous ſtorm is paſs'd.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou ſov'reign Judge, and God moſt high,
Who wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heaven protect me by thine arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy ſend,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage men converſe,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce;
With men whoſe teeth are ſpears, their words
Invenom'd darts and two-edg'd ſwords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my ſoul enſnar'd;
But fell themſelves, by juſt decree,
Into the pit they made for me.

7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to preſent;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raiſe,
To thee, my God, in ſongs of praiſe:
8 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your ſtrings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning nations round;
10 Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
if juſt your ſentence be;
Or muſt not innocence appeal
to heav'n from your decree?
2 Your wicked hearts and judments are
alike by malice ſway'd;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
to violence betray'd.
3 To virtue ſtrangers, from the womb
their infant ſteps went wrong;
They prattled ſlander, and in lies
employ'd their liſping tongue.
4 No ſerpent of parch'd Afric's breed
does ranker poiſon bear;
The drowſy adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
as adders they remain;
From whom the ſkilful charmer's voice
can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
and timely break their pow'r;
Diſarm theſe growling lions' jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their inſolence, at height,
like ebbing tides be ſpent;

Their ſhiver'd darts deceive their aim,
when they their bow have bent.
8 Like ſnails let them diſſolve to ſlime;
like haſty births, become
Unworthy to behold the ſun,
and dead within the womb.
9 E'er thorns can make the fleſh pots boil,
tempeſtuous wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch them hence alive
to their eternal doom.
10 The righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
their crimes with vengeance meet;
And ſaints in perſecutors' blood
ſhall dip their harmleſs feet.
11 Tranſgreſſors then with grief ſhall ſee
juſt men rewards obtain;
And own a God, whoſe juſtice will
the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
from all my ſpiteful foes;
In my defence oppoſe thy pow'r
to theirs who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked race,
who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs men,
who ſeek my blood to ſpill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
againſt my life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt,
for no offence of mine.
4 In haſte they run about, and watch
my guiltleſs life to take;
Look down, O Lord, on my diſtreſs,
and to my help awake.
5 Thou, Lord of Hoſts, and Iſrael's God,
their heathen rage ſuppreſs;
Relentleſs vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At ev'ning, to beſet my houſe,
like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range,
and ranſack ev'ry ſtreet.

7 Their throats envenom'd ſlander breathe;
their tongues are ſharpen'd ſwords;
" Who hears?" ſay they, " or, hearing, dares
" reprove our lawleſs words?"
8 But from thy throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled plots deride;
And ſoon to ſhame and ſcorn expoſe
their boaſted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy ſtrength
for ſuccour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
who only can defend.
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty foes to me.
11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once;
reſtrain thy vengeful blow;
Leſt we, ungratefully, too ſoon
forget their overthrow.
Diſperſe them through the nations round
by thy avenging pow'r;
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our ſhield and tow'r.
12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
their arrogance chaſtiſe;
Whoſe tongues have ſinn'd without reſtraint
and curſes join'd with lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou, whilſt their race endures,
thine anger, Lord, ſuppreſs;
That diſtant lands, by their juſt doom,
may Iſrael's God confeſs.
14 At ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
like growling dogs to meet,
Still wander all the city round,
and traverſe ev'ry ſtreet.
15 Then, as for malice now they do,
for hunger let them ſtray;
And yell their vain complaints aloud,
defeated of their prey.
16 Whilſt early I thy mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous pow'r confeſs;

For thou haſt been my ſure defence,
my refuge in diſtreſs.
17 To thee with never-ceaſing praiſe,
O God, my ſtrength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my health and ſafety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

1 O GOD, who haſt our troops diſpers'd,
Forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt;
As we thy juſt diſpleaſure mourn,
To us, in mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our ſtrength, that firm as earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand;
O! heal the breaches thou haſt made:
We ſhake, we fall, without thy aid!
3 Our folly's ſad effects we feel;
For, drunk with diſcord's cup we reel:
4 But now, for them who thee rever'd,
Thou haſt thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right-hand thy ſaints protect;
Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct:
6 The holy God has ſpoke; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely:
To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's ſoil, Samaria's pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her vale by line.
7 Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
Ephraim by arms ſupports my cauſe,
And Judah by religious laws.
8 Moab my ſlave and drudge ſhall be,
Nor Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious ſtate
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty pow'rs,
And clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
The path that doth to conqueſt lead?
10 E'en thou, O God, who haſt diſpers'd
Our troops (for we forſook thee firſt;)
Thoſe whom thou did'ſt in wrath forſake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.

11 Do thou our fainting cauſe ſuſtain;
For human ſuccours are but vain.
12 Freſh ſtrength and courage God beſtows:
'Tis he treads down our proudeſt foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
which I, oppreſs'd with grief,
2 From earth's remoteſt parts addreſs
to thee for kind relief.
O! lodge me ſafe, beyond the reach
of perſecuting pow'r;
3 Thou, who ſo oft from ſpiteful foes
haſt been my ſhelt'ring tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred courts
ſecure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
all future ſtorms defy.
5 In ſign my vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy choſen reign;
6 O! bleſs with long and proſp'rous life
the king thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his throne and make his reign
accepted in thy ſight;
And let thy truth and mercy both
in his defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous days to pay
the vows of my diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2 MY ſoul for help on God relies;
from him alone my ſafety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that ſtrength ſupplies
to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
or fence of uncemented ſtone.
4 To make my envy'd honors leſs
they ſtrive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouths they bleſs,
in private curſe with inward ſpite.

5, 6 But thou, my ſoul, on God rely ;
on him alone thy truſt repoſe :
My Rock and Health will ſtrength ſupply
to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
7 God does his ſaving health diſpenſe,
and flowing bleſſings daily ſend :
He is my fortreſs and defence ;
on him my ſoul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye people, always truſt ;
before his throne pour out your hearts ;
For God, the merciful and juſt,
his timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail ;
the great diſſemble and betray ;
And, laid in truth's impartial ſcale,
the lighteſt things will both out-weigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive ways ;
by ſpoil and rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increaſe,
be ſet too much upon your gain.
11 For God has oft his will expreſs'd,
and I this truth have fully known ;
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd,
belongs, of right, to God alone.
12 Though mercy is his darling grace,
in which he chiefly takes delight ;
Yet will he all the human race
according to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs ſhall offer'd be ;
for thee my thirſty ſoul does pant :
My fainting fleſh implores thy grace
Within this dry and barren place,
where I refreſhing waters want.
2 O ! to my longing eyes, once more,
That view of glorious pow'r reſtore,
which thy majeſtic houſe diſplays :
3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous love
Than life itſelf does dearer prove,
my lips ſhall always ſpeak thy praiſe.

4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ;
with lifted hands adore his Name:
5 My ſoul's content ſhall be as great
As theirs who choiceſt dainties eat,
while I with joy his praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my mind;
and when I wake in dead of night:
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doth ſuccour bring,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing
I reſt with ſafety and delight.
8 My ſoul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs pow'r,
in her ſupport is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay,
That my deſtruction wiſh; and they
that ſeek my life, ſhall loſe their own.
10 They by untimely ends ſhall die,
Their fleſh a prey to foxes lie;
but God ſhall fill the king with joy:
11 Who thee confeſs ſhall ſtill rejoice;
Whilſt the falſe tongue, and lying voice,
thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint
to my requeſt give ear;
Preſerve my life from cruel foes,
and free my ſoul from fear.
2 O! hide me with thy tend'reſt care,
in ſome ſecure retreat,
From ſinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their plots defeat.
3 See how, intent to work my harm,
they whet their tongues like ſwords;
And bend their bows to ſhoot their darts,
ſharp lies, and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private, at the juſt
they take their ſecret aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of fear and ſhame.
5 To carry on their ill deſigns
they mutally agree;

They ſpeak of laying private ſnares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt diligence and care
their wicked plots they lay;
The deep deſigns of all their hearts
are only to betray.
7 But God, to anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
ſhall ſwift deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe ſlanders which their mouth did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their crimes diſclos'd ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhun'd by all.
9 The world ſhall then God's pow'r confeſs,
and nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
of his avenging hand:
10 Whilſt righteous men, whom God ſecures,
in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning earth ſhall hear
loud triumphs of the juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe
in Sion waits, thy choſen ſeat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raiſe,
and all our zealous vows complete.
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
didſt always bend thy liſt'ning ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
and at thy gracious throne appear.
3 Our ſins, though numberleſs, in vain
to ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtain,
and waſheſt out the crimſon dye.
4 Bleſt is the man who, near thee plac'd,
within thy ſacred dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humble diſtance taſte
the vaſt delights thy temple gives.
5 By wond'rous acts, O God moſt juſt,
have we thy gracious anſwer found:
In thee remoteſt nations truſt,
and thoſe whom ſtormy waves ſurround,

6, 7 God, by his ſtrength, ſets faſt the hills,
and does his matchleſs pow'r engage,
With which the ſeas loud waves he ſtills,
and angry crowds' tumultuous rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous lands diſmay,
when they thy dreadful tokens view;
With joy they ſee the night and day
each other's track, by turns, purſue.

9 From out thy unexhauſted ſtore
thy rain relieves the thirſty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
with corn and uſeful fruits abound.

10 On riſing ridges down it pours,
and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs,
in which a bleſt increaſe diſtils.

11 Thy goodneſs does the circling year
with freſh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
the fruitful clouds drop fatneſs down.

12 They drop on barren foreſts, chang'd
by them to paſtures freſh and green;
The hills about, in order rang'd,
in beauteous robes of joy are ſeen.

13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
the chearful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
and ſeem, for joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the lands, with ſhouts of joy,
to God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his Name,
and ſpread his glorious praiſe.

3 And let them ſay, How dreadful, Lord,
in all thy works, art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
ſhall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Through all the earth the nations round
ſhall thee their God confeſs;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
of thy great Name expreſs.

5 O! come, behold the works of God;
and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
has wond'rous judgment ſhown.
6 He made the ſea become dry land,
through which our fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his might
with joy his people talk'd.
7 He, by his pow'r, for ever rules;
his eyes the world ſurvey:
Let no preſumptuous man rebel
againſt his ſov'reign ſway.

PART II.

8, 9 O! all ye nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his praiſe;
Who keeps our ſouls alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt ways.
10 For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as fire
does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us into ſtraits, where we
oppreſſing burthens bore.
12 Inſulting foes did us, their ſlaves,
through fire and water chace;
But yet, at laſt, thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt off'rings to thy houſe I'll bring,
and there my vows will pay,
14 Which I with ſolemn zeal did make
in trouble's diſmal day.
15 Then ſhall the richeſt incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt rams ſhall fall,
The choiceſt goats from out the fold,
and bullocks from the ſtall.
16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful care,
Whilſt I what God for me has done
with grateful joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his Name;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd ſin,
would all my pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious ear did bend,

And to the voice of my requeſt
with conſtant love attend.
20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my ſoul,
nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen race,
in mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
on all thy ſaints to ſhine:
2 That ſo thy wond'rous way
may through the world be known;
While diſtant lands their tribute pay,
and thy ſalvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing
with joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming ground
a large increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with plenty ſhall be crown'd
which God, our God, beſtows.
7 Then God upon our land
ſhall conſtant bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the world in awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of battle, riſe,
and ſcatter his preſumptuous foes;
Let ſhameful rout their hoſt ſurpriſe,
who ſpitefully his power oppoſe.
2 As ſmoke in tempeſt's rage is loſt,
or wax into the furnace caſt;

So let their ſacrilegious hoſt
before his wrathful preſence waſte.
3 But let the ſervants of his will
his favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladneſs fill,
and cheerful ſongs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raiſe;
Jehovah's awful name he bears:
In him rejoice, extol his praiſe,
who rides upon high-rolling ſpheres.
5 Him, from his empire of the ſkies,
to this low world compaſſion draws.
The orphan's claim to patronize,
and judge the injur'd widow's cauſe.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign ſoil
reſtores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free, and fruitleſs toil
their proud oppreſſors' righteous doom.
7 'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead
in perſon, Lord, our armies forth;
Strange terrors through the deſert ſpread,
convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain diſtil,
and heav'n's high arches ſhook with fear:
How then ſhould Sinai's humble hill
of Iſrael's God the preſence bear?
9 Thy hand, at famiſh'd earth's complaint,
reliev'd her from celeſtial ſtores,
And when thy heritage was faint,
aſſuag'd the drought with plenteous ſhow'rs.
10 Where ſavages had rang'd before,
at eaſe thou mad'ſt our tribes reſide;
And, in the deſert, for the poor
thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'ſt the word; we ſally'd forth,
and in that pow'rful word o'ercame;
While virgin-troops with ſongs of mirth,
in ſtate our conqueſt did proclaim.
12 Vaſt armies, by ſuch gen'rals led,
as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forſook their camp with ſudden dread,
and to our women left the ſpoil.

13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been,
your army's wing ſhall ſhine as bright
As doves, in golden ſunſhine ſeen,
or ſilver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas ſo, when God's almighty hand
o'er ſcatter'd kings the conqueſt won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's ſtrand,
high Salmon's glitt'ring ſnow outſhone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coaſt,
and Baſhan's hill we did advance;
No more her height ſhall Baſhan boaſt,
but that ſhe's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (though the honor's great)
ſhould this, O mountain, ſwell your pride?
For Sion is his choſen ſeat,
where he for ever will reſide.
17 His chariots numberleſs; his pow'rs
are heav'nly hoſt, that wait his will;
His preſence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
as once it honor'd Sinai's hill.
18 Aſcending high, in triumph thou
captivity haſt captive led;
And on thy people did'ſt beſtow
the ſpoil of armies once their dread,
E'en rebels ſhall partake thy grace,
and humble proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy dwelling place,
and all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day beſtow'd,
be daily his great Name ador'd,
20 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
of life and death the ſov'reign Lord.
21 But juſtice for his harden'd foes
proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of thoſe,
who in preſumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus in thunder ſpoke:
" As I ſubdu'd proud Baſhan's king,
" Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
" and from the deep my ſervants bring.
23 " Their feet ſhall with a crimſon flood
" of ſlaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er;

" Nor earth receive ſuch impious blood,
" but leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore."

PART III.

24 When, marching to thy bleſt abode,
the wond'ring multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous ſtate of thee, our God,
in robes of majeſty array'd;
25 Sweet ſinging Levites led the van;
loud inſtruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops, a virgin-train
with voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
26 This was the burden of their ſong:
" In full aſſemblies bleſs the Lord;
" All who to Iſrael's tribes belong,
" of Iſrael's God the praiſe record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
from neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
her counſellors in ſtate did ſend;
But Zebulon's remoter ſeat,
and Napthali's more diſtant coaſt,
The grand proceſſion to complete,
ſent up their tribes, a princely hoſt.
28 Thus God to ſtrengſh and union brought
our tribes, at ſtrife till that bleſt hour,
This work, which thou, O God, haſt wrought,
confirm with freſh recruits of pow'r.
29 To viſit Salem, Lord, deſcend,
and Sion, thy terreſtrial throne;
Where kings with preſents ſhall attend,
and thee with offer'd crowns atone.
30 Break down the ſpearmens' ranks, who threat
like pamper'd herds of ſavage might;
Their ſilver armour'd chiefs defeat,
who in deſtructive war delight.
31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
her hands, and Afric homage bring;
32 The ſcatter'd kingdoms of the earth
their common Sov'reign's praiſes ſing;
33 Who, mounted on the loftieſt ſphere
of ancient heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
like that of warring winds and tides.

34 Aſcribe the power to God moſt high :
of humble Iſrael he takes care ;
Whoſe ſtrength, from out the duſky ſky,
darts ſhining terrors through the air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred courts,
where God has fix'd his earthly throne !
His ſtrength his feeble ſaints ſupports,
to give God praiſe, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my ſoul :
2 With painful ſteps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With reſtleſs cries my ſpirits faint,
My voice is hoarſe with long complaint ;
My ſight decays with tedious pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.
4 My hairs, though num'rous, are but few
Compar'd with foes that me purſue
With groundleſs hate ; grown now of might
To execute their lawleſs ſpite,
They force me, guiltleſs to reſign,
As rapine, what by right was mine :
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence doſt ſee,
Nor are my ſins conceal'd from thee.
6 Lord God of hoſts, take timely care,
Leſt, for my ſake, thy ſaints deſpair ;
7 Since I have ſuffered for thy Name
Reproach, and hid my face in ſhame :
8 A ſtranger to my country grown,
Nor to my neareſt kindred known ;
A foreigner, expos'd to ſcorn
By brethren of my mother born.
9 For zeal to thy lov'd houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring flame ;
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,
More than at ſlanders caſt on me.
10 My very tears and abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful ſenſe :
11 When cloath'd with ſackcloth for their ſake,
They me their common proverb make.
12 Their judges at my wrongs do jeſt,
Thoſe wrongs they ought to have redreſs'd :

How ſhould I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free ?
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's ſtore ;
Diſplay thy truth's preſerving pow'r.
14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve ;
From ſpiteful foes in ſafety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging deep.
15 Controul the deluge, e'er it ſpread,
And roll its waves above my head ;
Nor deep deſtruction's open pit
To cloſe her jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy tranſcending goodneſs' ſake ;
Relieve thy ſupplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's ſtore.
17 Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face ;
Make haſte, for deſperate is my caſe ;
18 Thy timely ſuccour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs foes.
19 Thou know'ſt what infamy and ſcorn
I from my enemies have borne ;
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled ſpite,
Or darkeſt plots, eſcape thy ſight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart ;
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain ;
But look'd, alas ! for both in vain.
21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call ;
Inſtead of food, they give me gall ;
And when with thirſt my ſpirits ſink,
They give me vinegar to drink.
22 Their tables, therefore, to their health
Shall prove a ſnare, a trap their wealth ;
23 Perpetual darkneſs ſieze their eyes,
And ſudden blaſts their hopes ſurpriſe.
24 On them thou ſhalt thy fury pour,
Till thy fierce wrath their race devour ;
25 And make their houſe a diſmal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.

26 For new afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy ſtripes endur'd;
And made the wound thy ſcourge had torn,
To bleed afreſh, with ſharper ſcorn.
27 Sin ſhall to ſin their ſteps betray,
Till they to truth have loſt the way:
28 From life thou ſhalt exclude their ſoul,
Nor with the juſt their names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong ſalvation ſhall reſtore;
30 Thy pow'r with ſongs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.
31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Than herds or flocks in ſacrifice;
32 Which humble ſaints with joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint;
Sets pris'ners free from cloſe reſtraint:
34 Let heav'n, earth, ſea, their voices raiſe,
And all the world reſound his praiſe.
35 For God will Sion's walls erect;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
Till all her ſcatter'd ſons repair
To undiſturb'd poſſeſſion there.
36 This bleſſing they ſhall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs ages more
Of ſuch as his bleſt Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O LORD, to my relief draw near;
for never was more preſſing need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that deliv'rance ſpeed.
2 Confuſion on their heads return
who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.
3 Their doom let deſolation be;
with ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
and ſport of my afflictions made.
4 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy face,
to joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;

And all who prize thy saving grace,
with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus, wretched though I am and poor,
the Mighty Lord of me takes care:
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my stedfast trust;
defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul;
for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
to which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
my hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant care did safely guard
my tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
to sing thy constant praise.
7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze,
thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise,
my mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then, thy servant, Lord,
when I with age decay;
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
my vigour fades away.
10 My foes against my fame and me
with crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
and mutual counsel take:
11 "His God," say they, "forsakes him now
"on whom he did rely;
"Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
"of timely aid is nigh."
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
For speedy help I call;
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,
that seek to work my fall.

14 But as for me, my ſteadfaſt hope
ſhall on thy pow'r depend,
And I in grateful ſongs of praiſe
my time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous acts, and ſaving health,
my mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
though ſumm'd with utmoſt care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his ſupport,
I'll in his ſtrength go on;
All other righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my youth
to praiſe thy glorious Name;
And, ever ſince, thy wond'rous works
have been my conſtant theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe and future times
thy ſtrength and pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare!
20 Me, whom thy hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt depth of woe,
with tender care retrieve.
21 Through thee, my time to come ſhall be
with pow'r and greatneſs crown'd;
And me, who diſmal years have paſs'd,
thy comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Then I with pſaltery and harp,
thy truth, O Lord, will praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
my voice in anthems raiſe.
23 Then joy ſhall fill my mouth, and ſongs
employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful ſoul, by thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoice.

24 My tongue thy juſt and righteous acts
ſhall all the day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my foes,
and brought'ſt them all to ſhame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy juſt decrees the king
in all his ways direct;
And let his ſon, throughout his reign,
thy righteous laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy people judge
with pure and upright mind;
Whilſt all the helpleſs poor ſhall him
their juſt protector find.
3 Then hills and mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land ſhall own to be
the work of righteouſneſs:
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy race
ſhall rule with gentle ſway;
And from their humble necks ſhall take
oppreſſive yokes away.
5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as ſun and moon endure,
or time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like rain, that cheers
the meadow's ſecond birth;
Or like warm ſhow'rs whoſe gentle drops
refreſh the thirſty earth.
7 In his bleſt days the juſt and good
ſhall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land ſhall ev'ry where
with endleſs peace abound.
8 His uncontroul'd dominion ſhall
from ſea to ſea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' ſtreams,
at nature's limits end.
9 To him the ſavage nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile heads;
His vanquiſh'd foes ſhall lick the duſt,
where he his conqueſts ſpreads.
10 The king of Tarſhiſh, and the iſles,
ſhall coſtly preſents bring;

From ſpicy Sheba gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Saba's king.
11 To him ſhall ev'ry king on earth
his humble homage pay;
And diff'ring nations gladly join
to own his righteous ſway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the needy free,
when they for ſuccour cry;
Shall ſave the helpleſs and the poor,
and all their wants ſupply.

PART II.

13 His providence for needy ſouls
ſhall due ſupplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs lives
ſhall watch with tender care.
14 He ſhall preſerve and keep their ſouls
from fraud and rapine free;
And, in his ſight, their guiltleſs blood
of mighty price ſhall be.
15 Therefore ſhall God his life and reign
to many years extend;
Whilſt eaſtern princes tribute pay,
and golden preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant pray'rs be made,
through all his proſp'rous days;
His juſt dominion ſhall afford
a laſting theme of praiſe.
16 Of uſeful grain, through all the land,
great plenty ſhall appear;
A handful ſown on mountain-tops,
a mighty crop ſhall bear:
Its fruits, like cedars ſhook by winds,
a rattling noiſe ſhall yield;
The city too ſhall thrive, and vie
for plenty with the field.
17 The mem'ry of his glorious Name
through endleſs years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the ſun.
In him the nations of the world
ſhall be completely bleſs'd,
And his unbounded happineſs
by ev'ry tongue confeſs'd.

18 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom Iſrael fears;
Who only wond'rous in his works,
beyond compare appears.
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
for ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his praiſe the liſt'ning world
their glad aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
that God will to his ſaints be kind;
That all whoſe hearts are pure and clean,
ſhall his protecting favour find.
2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining truth I knew,
my ſtagg'ring feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the ſinners' wealth to view,
and envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the grave in peace deſcend,
and, whilſt they live, are hale and ſtrong;
No plagues or troubles them offend,
which oft to other men belong.
6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held,
and rapine ſeems their robe of ſtate;
Their eyes ſtand out, with fatneſs ſwell'd;
they grow, beyond their wiſhes, great.
8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
oppreſſive methods they defend;
Their tongue through all the earth does walk;
their blaſphemies to heav'n aſcend.
10 And yet admiring crowds are found,
who ſervile viſits duly make;
Becauſe with plenty they abound,
of which their flatt'ring ſlaves partake.
11 Their fond opinions theſe purſue,
till they with them profanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our actions view?
"can he perceive, who dwells ſo high?"
12 Behold the wicked! theſe are they,
who openly their ſins profeſs;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
and all their actions meet ſucceſs.
13, 14 "Then have I cleans'd my heart," ſaid I,
"and waſh'd my hands from guilt, in vain,

" If all the day oppreſs'd I lie,
" and ev'ry morning ſuffer pain."
15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend;
but, if ſuch things I raſhly ſay,
Thy children, Lord, I muſt offend,
and baſely ſhould their cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
but found the caſe too hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went;
then I their end did plainly ſee.
18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
on ſlipp'ry places looſely ſtand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
caſt down by thy avenging hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
deſpis'd by thee, when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking men with ſcorn do treat
the fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppreſs'd,
my reins were rack'd with reſtleſs pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a beaſt,
who no reflecting thought retains.
23, 24 Yet ſtill thy preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy right-hand aſſiſtance gave;
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy council guide,
and then to glory me receive.
25 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
have I, whoſe favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious earth there's none
that I beſides thee can deſire.
26 My trembling fleſh, and aching heart,
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward ſtrength impart,
and my eternal portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
thy vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my truſt,
and will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God?
wilt thou no more return?
O! why againſt thy choſen flock
does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchaſe, Lord,
the land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's mount,
where once thy glory ſhone.
3 O! come and view our ruin'd ſtate;
how long our troubles laſt;
See how the foe, with wicked rage,
has laid thy temple waſte.
4 Thy foes blaſpheme thy Name: where late
thy zealous ſervants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
their banners have diſplay'd.
5, 6 Thoſe curious carvings, which did once
advance the artiſt's fame,
With axe and hammer they deſtroy,
like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burn'd;
and what eſcap'd the flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
though ſacred to thy Name.
8 Thy worſhip wholly to deſtroy
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred places burn'd,
where we thy praiſe proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender ſigns to ſend;
We have no prophet now, that knows
when this ſad ſtate ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' inſulting foe to boaſt?
Shall all the honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong right-hand,
and on thy patient breaſt,
When vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly lett'ſt it reſt?

12 Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
in our defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
haſt great ſalvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the ſea
by thy own ſtrength divide;
Thou brak'ſt the wat'ry monſters' heads;
the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the deep to ſway,
Was by thy pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage beaſts a prey.
15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid rock, and mad'ſt
the waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'ſt through parted ſtreams
thy wand'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
the black return of night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious ſun,
and ev'ry feebler light.
17 By thee the borders of the earth
in perfect order ſtand;
The ſummer's warmth, and winter's cold,
attend on thy command.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful foes
have daily urg'd our ſhame;
And how the fooliſh people have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O! free thy mourning turtle-dove,
by ſinful crowds beſet;
Nor the aſſembly of thy poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy promiſe good;
For now each corner of the land
is fill'd with men of blood.
21 O! let not the oppreſs'd return
with ſorrow cloath'd, and ſhame;
But let the helpleſs and the poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our behalf;
thy cauſe and ours maintain;

Remember how insulting fools
each day thy Name profane.
23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
for evermore to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd,
will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO thee, O God, we render praise,
to thee, with thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous works declare.
2 In Israel when my throne is fix'd,
with me shall justice reign:
3 The land with discord shakes; but I
the sinking frame sustain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd
their errors to redress;
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should
their swelling pride suppress.
5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
No pow'r could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
to speak with less disdain:
6 For that promotion, which to gain
your vain ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet
from southern climes arrives.
7 For God the great disposer is,
and sov'reign Judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
the humble to a throne.
8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup;
with purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
deals out to nations round.
Of this his saints sometimes may taste;
but wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very lees.
9 His prophet, I, to all the world
this message will relate;
The justice then of Jacob's God
my song shall celebrate.

10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just and seat him high
above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
Almighty there by wonders shown:
his Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His sanctu'ry in Salem stands;
The Majesty that heav'n commands,
in Sion condescends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, and temper'd sword, and spear;
there slain the mighty army lay:
4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful foil:
securely down to sleep they lay;
But wak'd no more, their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'gainst his, that did their legions slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
together slept in endless night:
7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
what mortal pow'r can stand thy sight?
8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its doom;
Grew hush'd with fear, when thou didst come
9 the meek with justice to restore:
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
the triumphs of Almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring
Vow'd presents to th' eternal King:
thus to his Name due rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudest potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible,
than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my help
did graciouſly repair:
2 In trouble's diſmal day I ſought
my God with humble pray'r.
All night my feſt'ring wound did run;
no med'cine gave relief:
My ſoul no comfort would admit;
my ſoul indulg'd her grief.
3 I thought on God, and favours paſt;
but that increas'd my pain:
I found my ſpirit more oppreſs'd,
the more I did complain.
4 Through ev'ry watch of tedious night
thou keep'ſt my eyes awake:
My grief is ſwell'd to that exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.
5 I call'd to mind the days of old,
with ſignal mercy crown'd;
Thoſe famous years of ancient times,
for miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my ſongs,
on former triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my heart,
where's now that wond'rous aid?
7 Has God forever caſt us off?
withdrawn his favours quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
retir'd to endleſs night?
9 Can his long-practis'd love forget
its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his mercy's healing ſpring?
10 I ſaid, my weakneſs hints theſe fears;
but I'll my fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the Moſt High,
and years of his right-hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
the wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart ſhall meditate,
my tongue ſhall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high,
O God, thy counſels are!

Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of wonders thee
thy reſcu'd people found;
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen ſeed
with ſtrong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the waters ſaw,
the frighted billows ſhrunk;
The troubled depths themſelves for fear
beneath their channels ſunk.
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending ſkies
did with their noiſe conſpire;
Thy arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging fire.
18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower world
With light'nings blaz'd, earth ſhook, and ſeem'd
from her foundations hurl'd.
19 Through rolling ſtreams thou find'ſt thy way,
thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wond'rous paſſage, where no ſight
thy footſteps can deſcry.
20 Thou ledd'ſt thy people like a flock
ſafe through the deſert land,
By Moſes, their meek ſkilful guide,
and Aaron's ſacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my people; to my law
devout attention lend;
Let the inſtruction of my mouth
deep in your hearts deſcend.
2 My tongue, by inſpiration taught,
ſhall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for truths of old:
Which we from ſacred regiſters
of ancient times have known,
3 And our forefathers' pious care
to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our ſons;
our offſpring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the Lord, whoſe ſtrength
has works of wonder wrought.

5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
this league with Iſrael made;
With charge to be from age to age,
from race to race, convey'd.
6 That generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.
7 To teach them that in God alone
their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his works forget,
but keep his juſt commands.
8 Leſt, like their fathers, they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's ſons,
who, though to warfare bred,
And ſkilful archers, arm'd with bows,
from field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſified their league with God,
his orders diſobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles
before their eyes diſplay'd.
12 Nor wonders, which their fathers ſaw,
did they in mind retain,
Prodigious things in Egypt done,
and Zoan's fertile plain.
13 He cut the ſeas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing flood;
While pil'd on heaps, on either ſide
the ſolid waters ſtood.
14 A wond'rous pillar led them on,
compos'd of ſhade and light;
A ſhelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
a leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppreſs'd them, where no ſtream
the wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt
diſſolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid rock he brought,
which down in rivers fell,
That, trav'lling with their camp, each day
renew'd the miracle.

17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the Moſt High,
In that ſame deſert where he did
their fainting ſouls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their hearts,
that did his power diſtruſt;
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want,
but to indulge their luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming doubts;
" Can God," ſay they " prepare
" A table in the wilderneſs,
" ſet out with various fare?
20 " He ſmote the flinty rock, 'tis true,
" and guſhing ſtreams enſu'd;
" But can he corn and fleſh provide
" for ſuch a multitude?"
21 The Lord with indignation heard:
from heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, conſuming wrath
on thankleſs Iſrael came:
22 Becauſe their unbelieving hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor truſt his care, who had from heav'n
their wants ſo oft ſupply'd;
23 Though he had made his clouds diſcharge
proviſions down in ſhow'rs;
And when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs
from his celeſtial ſtores;
24 Though taſteful Manna was rain'd down,
their hunger to relieve;
Though from the ſtores of heav'n they did
ſuſtaining corn receive.
25 Thus man with Angels' ſacred food,
ungrateful man was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous table ſpread.
26 From heav'n he made an eaſt wind blow,
then did the ſouth command
27 To rain down fleſh like duſt, and fowls
like ſea's unnumber'd ſand.
28 Within their trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſy prey;

And all around their ſpreading camp
the ready booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd; he gave them leave
their appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton luſt crav'd on,
nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt in their luxurious mouths,
they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God ſmote down their chiefs,
and Iſrael's choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his miracles belief;
33 Therefore through fruitleſs travels he
conſum'd their lives in grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the Rock of their defence,
their Saviour, God moſt high.
36 But this was feign'd ſubmiſſion all;
their heart their tongue bely'd;
37 Their heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his league abide.
38 Yet full of mercy, he forgave,
nor did with death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.
39 For he remember'd they were fleſh,
that could not long remain;
A murm'ring wind, that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his patience grieve,
In that ſame deſert, where he did
their fainting ſouls relieve!
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſrael's God refus'd to be
by their deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day
that their redemption brought;
43 His ſigns in Egypt, wond'rous works
in Zoan's valley wrought.

44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,
that man and beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of thirſt,
than drink the putrid gore.
45 He ſent devouring ſwarms of flies;
hoarſe frogs annoy'd their ſoil;
46 Locuſts and caterpillars reap'd
the harveſt of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hails were broke;
with froſt the fig-tree dies;
48 Light'ning and hail made flocks and herds
one gen'ral ſacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger looſe, and ſet
no time for it to ceaſe;
And with their plagues ill angels ſent,
their torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a paſſage for his wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The murrain on their firſtlings ſeiz'd,
in ev'ry field and fold.
51 The deadly peſt from beaſt to man,
from field to city, came;
It ſlew their heirs, their eldeſt hopes,
through all the tents of Ham.
52 But his own tribe, like folded ſheep,
he brought from their diſtreſs;
And them conducted, like a flock,
throughout the wilderneſs.
53 He led them on, and in their way
no cauſe of fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe deeps,
in which their foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his care, till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd land;
And to his holy mount, the prize
of his victorious hand.
55 To them the outcaſt heathen's land
he did by lot divide;
And in their foes' abandon'd tents
made Iſrael's tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the wrath of God moſt high;

Nor would to practice his commands
their ſtubborn hearts apply;
57 But in their faithleſs fathers' ſteps
perverſely choſe to go;
they turn'd aſide, like arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd
with altars ſet on high;
And with their graven images
inflam'd his jealouſy.
59 When God heard this, on Iſrael's tribes
his wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents
where once he choſe to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark,
his glory to diſdain,
62 His people to the ſword he gave,
nor would his wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive war their ableſt youth
untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led,
with nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the ſacrificer fell,
the prieſt a victim bled;
And widows, who their death ſhould mourn,
themſelves of grief were dead.
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from ſleep,
whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
and his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He ſmote their hoſt, that from the field
a ſcattter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
of everlaſting ſhame.
67 With conqueſt crown'd, he Joſeph's tents
and Ephraim's tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's mount
for his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there,
with ſpires exalted high;
While deep, and fix'd, as thoſe of earth
the ſtrong foundations lie.

70 His faithful ſervant David too
he for his choice did own,
And from the ſheepfolds him advanc'd
to ſit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes,
he brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
of Iſrael's choſen ſeed.
72 Exalted thus, the monarch prov'd
a faithful ſhepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright heart,
and guided them with ſkill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hoſts
have thy poſſeſſion ſeiz'd!
Thy ſacred houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy city raz'd!
2 The mangled bodies of thy ſaints
abroad unbury'd lay;
Their fleſh expos'd to ſavage beaſts,
and rav'nous birds of prey.
3 Quite through Jerus'lem was their blood
like common water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt duties to the dead.
4 The neighb'ring lands our ſmall remains
with loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing-ſtock are made
to all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
like fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands, that know not thee,
thy heavy vengeance ſhow'r;
Thoſe ſinful kingdoms let it cruſh,
that have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd
on Jacob's choſen race;
And to a barren deſert turn'd
their fruitful dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former ſins,
but ſpeedily prevent

The utter ruin of thy ſaints,
almoſt with ſorrow ſpent.
9 Thou God of our ſalvation, help,
and free our ſouls from blame;
So ſhall our pardon and defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
"Where is the God they boaſt?"
In vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd ſaints,
perceive thee to their coſt.
11 Lord, hear the ſighing pris'ner's moans,
thy ſaving pow'r extend;
Preſerve the wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely end.
12 On them who us oppreſs let all
our ſuff'rings be repaid;
Make their confuſion ſev'n times more
than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks,
from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O ISRAEL's Shepherd, Joſeph's Guide,
our pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that doſt on the Cherubs ride,
again in ſolemn ſtate appear.
2 Behold how Benjamin expects,
with Ephraim and Manaſſeh join'd,
In our deliv'rance the effects,
of thy reſiſtleſs ſtrength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the luſtre of thy face diſplay,
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd clouds, ſhall paſs away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
how long ſhall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring people pray,
and to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
our ſcanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirſt we quench
with ſtreams of tears that largely flow.

6 For us the heathen nations round,
as for a common prey, conteſt;
Our foes with ſpiteful joys abound,
and at our loſt condition jeſt.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'ſt a vine from Egypt's land,
and, caſting out the heathen race,
Did'ſt plant it with thine own right-hand,
and firmly fix it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepard'ſt the way,
and mad'ſt it take a laſting root,
Which, bleſs'd with thy indulgent ray
o'er all the land did widely ſhoot.
10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its ſhade,
its goodly boughs did cedars ſeem;
Its branches to the ſea were ſpread,
and reach'd to proud Euphrates' ſtream.
12 Why then haſt thou its hedge o'erthrown,
which thou haſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its grapes, defenceleſs grown,
are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.
13 See how the briſtling foreſt-boar
with dreadful fury lays it waſte;
Hark! how the ſavage monſters roar,
and to their helpleſs prey make haſte.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of hoſts, we pray;
thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, renew;
From heav'n, thy throne, this vine ſurvey,
and her ſad ſtate with pity view.
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
which thy right-hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its ſpreading boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they ſoon decay,
and periſh at thy dreadful frown.

17 Crown thou the King with good ſucceſs,
by thy right-hand ſecur'd from wrong;
The Son of Man in mercy bleſs,
whom for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free
from whatſoe'er deſerves thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by thee,
will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the luſtre of thy face diſplay,
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never failing ſtrength,
with loud applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a cheerful noiſe
to Jacob's awful King.
2 Compoſe a hymn of praiſe, and touch
your inſtruments of joy;
Let pſalteries and pleaſant harps
your grateful ſkill employ.
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
their joyful voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
the ſolemn day of praiſe.
4 For this a ſtatute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed;
To be with pious care obſerv'd
by Iſrael's choſen ſeed.
5 This he for a memorial fix'd,
when, freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations' barb'rous ſpeech we heard,
but could not underſtand.
6 Your burden'd ſhoulders I reliev'd,
(thus ſeems our God to ſay)
Your ſervile hands by me were freed,
from lab'ring in the clay.
7 Your anceſtors, with wrongs oppreſs'd,
to me for aid did call;
With pity I their ſuff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.
They ſought for me, and from the cloud
in thunder I reply'd;

At Meribah's contentious ſtream
their faith and duty try'd.

PART II.

8 While I my ſolemn will declare,
my choſen people, hear:
If thou, O Iſrael, to my words
wilt lend thy liſt'ning ear;
9 Then ſhall no god beſides myſelf
within thy coaſts be found;
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any god
of all the nations round.
10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from Egypt's land;
'Tis I that all thy juſt deſires
ſupply with lib'ral hand.
11 But they, my choſen race, refus'd
to hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Iſrael's ſons
make me their happy choice.
12 So I, provok'd, reſign'd them up,
to ev'ry luſt a prey;
And in their own perverſe deſigns
permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my people wiſely would
my juſt commandments heed!
And Iſrael in my righteous ways
with pious care proceed!
14 Then ſhould my heavy judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe,
And my avenging hand be turn'd
againſt their num'rous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine ſhould all
before my foot-ſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy ſtate,
ſhould never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty ſhould abound;
with fineſt wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to pleaſe their taſte,
ſhould richeſt honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial eye

In ſtate ſurveys the earthly gods,
and does their judgments try.
2, 3 How dare ye then unjuſtly judge,
or be to ſinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor;
let ſuch your juſtice find.
4 Protect the humble helpleſs man,
reduc'd to deep diſtreſs;
And let not him become a prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and truth, the world's ſupports,
through all the land decay.
6 Well then might God in anger ſay,
"I've call'd you by my Name;
"I've ſaid ye're gods, and all ally'd
"to the Moſt High in fame:
7 "But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt deeds
"to ſtrict account I'll call;
"You all ſhall die like common men,
"like other tyrants fall."
8 Ariſe, and thy juſt judgments, Lord,
throughout the earth diſplay;
And all the nations of the world
ſhall own thy righteous ſway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet looks
our ruin calmly ſee.
2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
o'er all the land are ſpread;
And thoſe, who hate thy ſaints and thee,
lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Againſt thy zealous people, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And to deſtroy thy choſen ſaints
have laid their cloſe deſign.
4 "Come let us cut them off," ſay they,
"their nation quite deface;
"That no remembrance may remain
"of Iſrael's hated race."

5 Thus they againſt thy people's peace
consult with one conſent;
And diff'ring nations, jointly leagu'd,
their common malice vent.
6 The Iſhmaelites that dwell in tents,
with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's ſons, our ruin vow,
with Hagar's race combin'd.
7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
with Amalek conſpire;
The lords of Paleſtine, and all
the wealthy ſons of Tyre.
8 All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian king
their firm ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful army aids
th' inceſtuous race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let ſuch vengeance come to them,
as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Siſera,
at Kiſhon's fatal ſtream;
10 When thy right-hand their num'rous hoſts
near Endor did confound,
And left their carcaſes for dung
to feed the hungry ground.
11 Let all their mighty men the fate
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
As Zeba and Zalmuna, ſo
let all their princes fare.
12 Who, with the ſame deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm poſſeſſion for ourſelves
"let us God's houſes take."
13 To ruin let them haſte, like wheels
which downwards ſwiftly move;
Like chaff before the wind, let all
their ſcatter'd forces prove.
14, 15 As flames conſume dry wood, or heath,
that on parch'd mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing wrath
with terrors ſtrike thy foes.
16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their faces with diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name;

Or them confound, whoſe harden'd hearts
thy gentler means diſclaim.
18 So ſhall the wond'ring world confeſs,
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O God of hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhow'ſt
the brightneſs of thy face!
2 My longing ſoul faints with deſire
to view thy bleſt abode;
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
for thee, the living God.
3 The birds, more happy far than I,
around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
and there thy praiſe diſplay!
5 Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee
their ſure protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred ways
that to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs through Baca's thirſty vale,
yet no refreſhment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
at their requeſt doſt grant.
7 Thus they proceed from ſtrength to ſtrength,
and ſtill approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount,
before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
my juſt requeſt regard:
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
be ſtill with favour heard.
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
canſt timely aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed ſervant look
be thou his ſtrong defence.

10 For in thy courts one ſingle day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place beſides
a thouſand days to ſpend.
Much rather in God's houſe will I
the meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin
my pompous dwelling make.
11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
from them that juſtly live.
12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy land
the favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's ſins thou haſt forgiv'n,
and all their guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce anger laſt.
4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
to thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy ſaints
thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wond'rous mercy's ſake,
thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's anſwer patiently I'll wait;
for he, with glad ſucceſs,
If they no more to folly turn,
his mourning ſaints will bleſs.
9 To all that fear his holy Name
his ſure ſalvation's near;

And in its former happy ſtate
our nation ſhall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
and righteouſneſs with peace,
Like kind companions, abſent long,
with friendly arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt heav'n
ſhall ſtreams of juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs plenty ſhow'r.
13 Before him righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy ſteps purſue
with conſtant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſs'd, and deſtitute
of all relief but thine.
2 Do thou, O God, preſerve my ſoul,
that does thy Name adore;
Thy ſervant keep, and him, whoſe truſt
relies on thee, reſtore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refreſh thy ſervant's ſoul, whoſe hopes
on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all thoſe
who for thy mercy ſue.
6 To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled, I on thee will call,
for thou wilt anſwer me.
8 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator thee
the nations ſhall adore;
Their long-miſguided pray'rs and praiſe
to thy bleſs'd Name reſtore.

10 All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
the wonders thou haſt done;
Confeſs thee God, the God ſupreme,
confeſs thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
from truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe thee with heart ſincere,
And to thy everlaſting Name
eternal trophies rear.
13 Thy boundleſs mercy ſhown to me
tranſcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my ſoul
from loweſt depths of hell.
14 O God, the ſons of pride and ſtrife
have my deſtruction ſought;
Regardleſs of thy pow'r, that oft
has my deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou thy conſtant goodneſs didſt
to my aſſiſtance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
thou everlaſting ſpring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and ſtrength
to me thy ſervant ſhow;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
thine handmaid's ſon, beſtow.
17 Some ſignal give, which my proud foes
may ſee with ſhame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
and comfort doſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's temple crowns the holy mount;
2 the Lord there condeſcends to dwell;
His Sion's gates, in his account,
our Iſrael's faireſt tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee ſhall ſing,
O city of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention Rahab with due praiſe,
in Babylon's applauſes join,

The fame of Ethiopia raiſe,
with that of Tyre and Paleſtine;
And grant that ſome amongſt them born,
Their age and country did adorn.
5 But ſtill of Sion I'll aver,
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her:
6 His gen'ral liſt ſhall ſhow, when read,
That ſuch a perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an age adorn.
7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high renown;
For hand and voice muſicians ſkill'd;
and (her tranſcending fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall ſucceſſions bring,
Like water from a living ſpring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night addreſs my cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear;
To my diſtreſs incline thine ear.
3 For ſeas of trouble me invade,
My ſoul draws nigh to death's cold ſhade:
4 Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead:
5 Like thoſe who, ſhrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care,
Down to the confines of deſpair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.
8 Remov'd from friends, I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd, paſt hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never ceaſe;
They waſte, but ſtill my griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?

From death reſtore, thy praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from priſon would'ſt not bring?
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confeſs?
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulneſs?
12 Thy truth and power renown obtain
Where darkneſs and oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn;
My pray'r prevents the early morn:
14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing ſorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors paſt diſtract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath hath burſt upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my ſoul with dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Remov'd from ſight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong;
my ſong on them ſhall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
thy never-failing truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy truth that does the heav'ns ſuſtain,
like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's voice,
"With David I a league have made;
"To him, my ſervant, and my choice,
"by ſolemn oath this grant convey'd:
4 "While earth, and ſeas, and ſkies endure,
"thy ſeed ſhall in my ſight remain;
"To them thy throne I will inſure,
"they ſhall to endleſs ages reign."
5 For ſuch ſtupendous truth and love,
both heav'n and earth juſt praiſes owe,
By choirs of angels ſung above,
and by aſſembled ſaints below.

6 What Seraph of celeſtial birth
to vie with Iſrael's God ſhall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
with our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With rev'rence and religious dread
his ſaints ſhould to his temple preſs;
His fear through all their hearts ſhould ſpread,
who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boaſt
of ſtrength or pow'r like thine renown'd;
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful hoſt,
as that which does thy throne ſurround?
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs ſea controul,
and change the proſpect of the deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll;
thou mak'ſt the rolling billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in pieces Rahab's pride,
and didſt oppreſſing pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd foes have dearly try'd
the force of thy reſiſtleſs arm.
11 In thee the ſov'reign right remains
of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The world, and all that it contains,
their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The poles on which the globe does reſt
were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, eaſt and weſt,
in thy ſuſtaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, ſtrong thy hand,
yet, Lord, thou doſt with juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſs'd of abſolute command
thou truth and mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
thy ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
Who may at feſtivals appear,
with thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.
16 Thy ſaints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteouſneſs employ'd,
above their foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy ſtrength they ſhall advance,
whoſe conqueſts from thy favour ſpring;

18 The Lord of hoſts is our defence,
and Iſrael's God our Iſrael's King.
19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's voice,
" A mighty champion I will ſend;
" From Judah's tribe have I made choice
" of one, who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 " My ſervant David I have found,
" with holy oil anointed him;
21 " Him ſhall the hand ſupport, that crown'd,
" and guard, that gave the diadem.
22 " No prince from him ſhall tribute force,
" no ſon of ſtrife ſhall him annoy;
23 " His ſpiteful foes I will diſperſe,
" and them before his face deſtroy.
24 " My truth and grace ſhall him ſuſtain;
" his armies, in well order'd ranks,
25 " Shall conquer, from the Tyrian Main
" to Tigris and Euphrates' banks.
26 " Me for his Father he ſhall take,
" his God and Rock of ſafety call;
27 " Him I my firſt-born ſon will make,
" and earthly kings his ſubjects all.
28 " To him my mercy I'll ſecure,
" my cov'nant make for ever faſt:
29 " His ſeed for ever ſhall endure;
" his throne, till heav'n diſſolves, ſhall laſt.

PART II.

30 " But if his heirs my law forſake,
" and from my ſacred precepts ſtray;
31 " If they my righteous ſtatutes break,
" nor ſtrictly my commands obey;
32 " Their ſins I'll viſit with a rod,
" and for their folly make them ſmart;
33 " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" nor from my truth, like them, depart.
34 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" but in remembrance faſt retain;
" The thing that once my lips have ſpoke
" ſhall in eternal force remain.
35 " Once I have ſworn, but once for all,
" and made my holineſs the tie,
" That I my grant will ne'er recal,
" nor to my ſervant David lie:

36 " Whoſe throne and race the conſtant ſun
" ſhall, like his courſe, eſtabliſh'd ſee ;
37 " Of this my oath, thou conſcious moon,
" in heav'n, my faithful witneſs be."
38 Such was thy gracious promiſe, Lord ;
but thou haſt now our tribes forſook,
Thy own anointed haſt abhor'd,
and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
the cov'nant with thy ſervant made ;
thou haſt his dignity deſtroy'd,
and in the duſt his honor laid.
40 Of ſtrong holds thou haſt him bereft,
and brought his bulwarks to decay ;
41 His frontier coaſts defenceleſs left,
a public ſcorn, and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
to foes, advanc'd by thee to might ;
43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring ſword unſteel'd,
his valour turn'd to ſhameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkneſs fled,
his throne is levell'd with the ground ;
45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
with ſhame o'erwhelm'd and ſorrow drown'd.
46 How long ſhall we thy abſence mourn ?
wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire ?
Shall thy conſuming anger burn,
till that and we at once expire ?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a ſpace
thou doſt for mortal life ordain ;
No method to prolong the race,
but loading it with grief and pain.
48 What man is he that can controul
death's ſtrict unalterable doom ?
Or reſcue from the grave his ſoul,
the grave that muſt mankind intomb ?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundleſs grace,
the oath to which thy truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his race,
the grant which time ſhould ne'er repeal ?
50 See how thy ſervants treated are
with infamy, reproach and ſpite ;

Which in my silent breast I bear,
from nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
have made thy servant's hope their jest;
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
and ever sing, The Lord be blest.

PSALM XC.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and defence
of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
our sure abiding place.
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
and ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy sight a thousand years
are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
whose hours unminded waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
we vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass, that feels
the sun's reviving beams;
6 But howsoever fresh and fair
its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
before the ev'ning close.
7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd,
and by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our public crimes and secret sins
before thy sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
like tales that quickly end.
10 Our term of time is sev'nty years,
an age that few survive;
But if, with more than common strength,
to eighty we arrive,

Yet then our boaſted ſtrength decays,
to ſorrow turn'd and pain;
So ſoon the ſlender thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain ſum
of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy ſervants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we forſake our ſins, do thou
revoke our puniſhment.
14 To ſatisfy and cheer our ſouls,
thy early mercy ſend;
That we may all our days to come
in joy and comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy times, with large amends,
dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the leaſt the term
of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy ſervants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
thy glorious pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our work ſucceſs;
The glorious work we have in hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's ſhade,
ſecure and undiſturb'd abide:
2 Thus to my ſoul of him I'll ſay,
He is my fortreſs and my ſtay,
my God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's ſnare,
and from the noiſome peſtilence:

4 He over thee his wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
his truth ſhall be thy ſtrong defence.
5 No terrors that ſurpriſe by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
nor deadly ſhafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague, of unknown riſe, that kills
In darkneſs, nor infectious ills
that in the hotteſt ſeaſon ſlay.
7 A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall die,
At thy right-hand ten thouſand lie,
while thy firm health untouch'd remains;
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The wicked's diſmal tragedy,
and count the ſinner's mournful gains.
9 Becauſe, with well-plac'd confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure defence,
and on the Higheſt doth rely;
10 Therefore no ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling ſhall
any infectious plagues draw nigh.
11 For he throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy ways,
ſhall give his angels ſtrict commands;
12 And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough ſtone to wound thy feet,
ſhall bear thee ſafely in their hands.
13 Dragons and aſps that thirſt for blood,
And lions roaring for their food,
beneath his conqu'ring feet ſhall lie:
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore, ſays God, I'll ſet him free,
and fix his glorious throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when ill befalls;
increaſe his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturb'd content,
His long and happy life is ſpent,
his end I'll crown with ſaving health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high;

And with repeated hymns of praiſe
his Name to magnify!
2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
his goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant truth, each night,
the glad effects repeat!
3 To ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with ſolemn ſounds,
for ſacred uſe deſign'd.
4 For through thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with cheerful voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord!
how deep are thy decrees!
Whoſe winding tracks, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid ſinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
like graſs, look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd ſplendour muſt
for ever paſs away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt high;
and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated head.
11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn foes
to utter ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal end of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous men like fruitful palms,
ſhall make a glorious ſhow;
As cedars that on Lebanon
in ſtately order grow.
13, 14 Theſe, planted in the houſe of God,
within his courts ſhall thrive;
Their vigour and their luſtre both
ſhall in old age revive.

15 Thus will the Lord his juſtice ſhow;
and God, my ſtrong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WITH glory clad, with ſtrength array'd,
the Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation ſtrongly laid,
and the vaſt fabric ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely 'ſtabliſh'd is thy throne,
which ſhall no change or period ſee!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all eternity!
3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
and toſs the troubled waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their noiſe,
and make the angry ſea comply.
5 Thy promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
and they that in thy houſe would dwell,
That happy ſtation to ſecure,
muſt ſtill in holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
thy vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the earth,
and cruſh thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful men
their ſolemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boaſt,
and inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy ſaints oppreſs,
but, unprovok'd, they ſpill
The widow's and the ſtranger's blood,
and helpleſs orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,"
profanely thus they ſpeak,
"Nor any notice of our deeds
"The God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye ſtupid fools, your wants
endeavour to diſcern:
In folly will you ſtill proceed,
and wiſdom never learn?

9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear?
or blind, who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known will defy?
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men;
to him their hearts lie bare;
His eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their counſels are.

PART II.

12 Bleſs'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
in kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And by thy ſacred rules to walk
doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This man ſhall reſt and ſafety find
in ſeaſons of diſtreſs;
Whilſt God prepares a pit for thoſe,
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14 For God will never from his ſaints
his favour wholly take;
His own poſſeſſion and his lot
he will not quite forſake.
15 The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chooſe thy upright ways,
ſhall in thoſe paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf,
when wicked men invade?
Or who, when ſinners would oppreſs,
my righteous cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in ſilence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlipt; when ſad,
my troubled heart to cheer.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful throne ſuſtain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
their wicked ends to gain?
21 Againſt the lives of righteous men
they form their cloſe deſign;
And blood of innocents to ſpill
in ſolemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd
in God, the Lord moſt high:

He is my Rock, to which I may
for refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill deſigns
on their own heads to fall:
He in their ſins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favours paſt;
To him addreſs, in joyful ſongs,
The praiſe that to his Name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great:
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falſely call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her ſecret wealth at his command,
The ſtrength of hills that reach the ſkies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
5 The rolling ocean's vaſt abyſs,
By the ſame ſov'reign right, is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and paſture ſheep are we:
If then you'll, like his flock, draw near,
To day if you his voice will hear,
8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew
Your fathers' crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In deſert plains of Meribah.
9 When through the wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh temptations prov'd,
They ſtill, through unbelief, rebell'd,
Whilſt they my wond'rous works beheld.

10 They forty years my patience griev'd,
Though daily I their wants reliev'd.
Then—'Tis a faithleſs race, I ſaid,
Whoſe heart from me has always ſtray'd.
11 They ne'er will tread my righteous path;
Therefore to them, in ſettled wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my reſt, I ſware,
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made ſong;
Let earth in one aſſembled throng
her common Patron's praiſe reſound:
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim,
who us has with ſalvation crown'd:
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In majeſty and glory rais'd
above all other deities:
5 For pageantry and idols all
Are they, whom gods the heathen call;
he only rules, who made the ſkies:
6 With majeſty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and ſtrength his throne ſurround.
7 Be therefore both to him reſtor'd
By you, who have falſe gods ador'd;
aſcribe due honour to his Name:
8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
which he, and he alone, can claim:
9 To worſhip at his ſacred court,
Let all the trembling world reſort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
and baniſh'd juſtice will reſtore;
11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confeſs;
And heav'nly mirth let earth expreſs;
its loud applauſe the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

12 For joy let fertile vallies ſing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
the tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate;
Who now ſets out with awful ſtate,
his circuit through the earth to take:
From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
in his juſt government rejoice;
Let all the iſles with ſacred mirth,
in his applauſe unite their voice.
2 Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade
his dazzling glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
and fix'd by his pavilion wait.
3 Devouring fire before his face,
his foes around with vengeance ſtruck;
4 His light'ning ſet the world on blaze;
earth ſaw it, and with terror ſhook.
5 The proudeſt hills his preſence felt,
their height nor ſtrength could help afford;
The proudeſt hills like wax did melt
in preſence of th' Almighty Lord.
6 The heav'ns, his righteouſneſs to ſhow,
with ſtorms of fire our foes purſu'd,
And all the trembling world below
have his deſcending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious hoſt,
who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boaſt:
to him, ye gods, your worſhip pay.
8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
and Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous judgments, Lord,
have pagan pride and pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the ſky,
ſupreme by all the gods art own'd.
10 Ye who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
abhor what's ill, and truth eſteem;

He'll keep his ſervants' ſouls entire,
and them from wicked hands redeem.
11 For ſeeds are ſown of glorious light,
a future harveſt for the juſt;
And gladneſs for the heart that's right,
to recompenſe its pious truſt.
12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
memorials of his holineſs
Deep in your faithful breaſts record,
and with your thankful tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
who wond'rous things has done;
With his right-hand and holy arm
the conqueſt he has won.
2 The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd world
diſplay'd his ſaving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
in all the heathen's ſight.
3 Of Iſrael's houſe his love and truth
have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remoteſt parts the pow'r
of Iſrael's God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
their cheerful voices raiſe;
And all, with univerſal joy,
reſound their Maker's praiſe.
5 With harp and hymn's ſoft melody,
into the concert bring
6 The trumpet and ſhrill cornet's ſound
before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
with all the ſeas contain;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
join concert with the main.
8 With joy let riv'lets ſwell to ſtreams,
to ſpreading torrents they;
And echoing vales from hill to hill
redoubled ſhouts convey;
9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
who does with juſtice come,
And with impartial equity,
both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
the guilty nations quake:
On Cherubs' wings he ſits enthron'd;
let earth's foundations ſhake.
2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
his palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his ſov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name;
And, with his unreſiſted might,
his holineſs proclaim.
4 For truth and juſtice, in his reign,
of ſtrength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to Jacob's race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
before his footſtool fall;
And, with his unreſiſted might,
his holineſs extol.
6 Moſes and Aaron thus of old
among his prieſts ador'd;
Among his prophets Samuel thus
his ſacred Name implor'd.
Diſtreſs'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their ſuit deny'd;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For with their camp, to guide their march,
the cloudy pillar mov'd;
They kept his law, and to his will
obedient ſervants prov'd.
8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his people for their ſake;
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad examples make.
9 With worſhip at his ſacred courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one conſent, let all the earth
to God their cheerful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
and ſing before him ſongs of praiſe:
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooſes for his own,
the flock that he vouchſafes to feed.
4 O enter then his temple gate,
thence to his courts devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
and ſtill his Name with praiſes bleſs.
5 For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
his mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
to endleſs ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF mercy's never-failing ſpring,
And ſtedfaſt judgment, I will ſing:
And, ſince they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my ſong.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe diſcipline my reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs life myſelf I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.
3 No ill deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my fav'rites make that do:
4 Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private ſlanderer ſhall be
In public juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the heart of pride.
6 But honeſty, call'd from her cell,
In ſplendor at my court ſhall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the firſt preferments there.
7 No politics ſhall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er ſhall to my favour riſe,
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.

8 All thoſe who wicked courſes take,
An early ſacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain
God's holy city to profane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my ſoul in pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
let my ſad cry aſcend;
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
in times of deep diſtreſs:
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
my ſorrows ſoon redreſs.
3 Each cloudy portion of my life,
like ſcatter'd ſmoke expires;
My ſhrivell'd bones are like a hearth
parch'd with continual fires.
4 My heart, like graſs that feels the blaſt
of ſome infectious wind,
Does languiſh ſo with grief, that ſcarce
my needful food I mind.
5 By reaſon of my ſad eſtate
I ſpend my breath in groans;
My fleſh is worn away, my ſkin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting bones.
6 I'm like a pelican become,
that does in deſerts mourn;
Or like an owl, that ſits all day
on barren trees forlorn.
7 In watchings, or in reſtleſs dreams,
the night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary birds,
that loneſome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made
the ſubject of their ſcorn;
Who all, poſſeſs'd with furious rage,
have my deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie,
oppreſs'd with grief and fears,
My bread is ſtrew'd with aſhes o'er,
my drink is mix'd with tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double weight
thy heavy wrath doth lie;

For thou, to make my fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.
11 My days, juſt haſt'ning to their end,
are like an ev'ning ſhade;
My beauty does, like wither'd graſs,
with waning luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal ſtate, O Lord,
no length of time ſhall waſte;
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works
from age to age ſhall laſt.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view
with an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own
appointed day of grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd ruins by thy ſaints
with pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty ſpires
in duſt and rubbiſh laid.
15, 16 The Name and glory of the Lord
all heathen kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall Sion build again,
and in full ſtate appear.
17, 18 When he regards the poor's requeſt
nor ſlights their earneſt pray'r;
Our ſons, for their recorded grace,
ſhall his juſt praiſe declare.
19 For God, from his abode on high,
his gracious beams diſplay'd:
The Lord, from heav'n, his lofty throne,
hath all the earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſten'd to the captives' moans,
he heard their mournful cry,
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs pow'r,
the wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city ſing
loud praiſes to his Name:
22 When all the tribes aſſembling there,
their ſolemn vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring lands, with glad conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.

23 But e'er my race is run, my ſtrength
through his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful days.
24 Lord, end not thou my life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy years, from worldly changes free,
to endleſs ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong foundations of the earth
of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
with wond'rous ſkill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change,
to thy command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy ſaints
ſhalt laſting quiet give;
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fix'd,
ſhall in thy preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY ſoul, inſpir'd with ſacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
and ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy ſins forgives,
and after ſickneſs makes thee ſound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
by him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things thy mouth ſupplies,
thy vigour, eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltleſs ſuff'rer cries,
his foe with juſt revenge purſues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways
to Moſes and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praiſe,
were to the ſons of Jacob ſhown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
and unexampled acts of grace;

His waken'd wrath does ſlowly move,
his willing mercy flies apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide,
but with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide
more by his love than our deſert.
11 As high as heav'n its arch extends
above this little ſpot of clay,
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends
the ſmall reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from eaſt to weſt,
ſo far has he our ſins remov'd;
Who, with a father's tender breaſt,
has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our frame ſurveys,
conſiders that we are but clay;
How freſh ſo'er we ſeem, our days
like graſs or flow'rs muſt fade away.
16, 17 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden blaſts,
nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever laſts,
to thoſe that fear him, and their race.
18 This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
but to it juſt obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the univerſal King,
in heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye Angels, praiſes ſing,
in whoſe great ſtrength his pow'r is ſhown,
Ye that his juſt commands obey,
and hear and do his ſacred will,
21 Ye hoſts of his, this tribute pay,
who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſs
the mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks expreſs,
and in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my ſoul: thou, Lord, alone
poſſeſſeſt empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.

2 With light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
and glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains ſtretch beyond the globe,
thy canopy of ſtate to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
his palace chambers in the ſkies;
The clouds his chariots are, and ſtorms
the ſwift-wing'd ſteeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, as ſwift as wind,
his miniſters heav'n's palace fill,
To have their ſundry taſks aſſign'd,
all proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd, he ſet,
her face with waters overſpread;
Nor proudeſt mountains dar'd as yet
to lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
th' inſulting waves diſpers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
and by their haſte confeſs'd their dread.
8 Thence up by ſecret tracks they creep,
and, guſhing from the mountain's ſide,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
appointed to receive their tide.
9 There haſt thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
the threat'ning ſurges to repel;
That they no more o'erpaſs their mounds,
nor to a ſecond deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in ſmaller parties drawn,
the ſea recovers her loſt hills;
And ſtarting ſprings from ev'ry lawn
ſurpriſe the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The fields' tame beaſts are thither led,
weary with labour, faint with drought;
And aſſes on wild mountains bred
have ſenſe to find theſe currents out.
12 Their ſhady trees from ſcorching beams
yield ſhelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous ſtreams
return the tribute of their ſong.
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
that ſoon tranſmit the liquid ſtore;

Till earth is burden'd with her fruit,
and nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Graſs, for our cattle to devour,
he makes the growth of ev'ry field:
Herbs, for man's uſe, of various pow'r,
that either food or phyſic yield.
15 With cluſter'd grapes he crowns the vine,
to cheer man's heart, oppreſs'd with cares;
Gives oil, that makes his face to ſhine,
and corn, that waſted ſtrength repairs.

PART III.

16 The trees of God, without the care
or art of man, with ſap are fed:
The mountain cedars look as fair
as thoſe in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
the wand'rers of the air may reſt;
The hoſpitable pine from harms
protects the ſtork, her pious gueſt.
18 Wild goats the craggy rock aſcend,
its tow'ring heights their fortreſs make,
Whoſe cells in labyrinths extend,
where feebler creatures refuge take.
19 The moon's inconſtant aſpect ſhows
th' appointed ſeaſons of the year;
Th' inſtructed ſun his duty knows,
his hours to riſe and diſappear.
20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the earth to ſhroud,
when foreſt beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
to Providence, that ſends them prey.
22 They range all night, on ſlaughter bent,
till ſummon'd by the riſing morn,
To ſkulk in dens, with one conſent
the conſcious ravagers return.
23 Forth to the tillage of his ſoil
the huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the ſun his toil,
with him returns to his repoſe.
24 How various, Lord, thy works are found;
for which thy wiſdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treaſure crown'd,
till nature's hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25 But ſtill the vaſt unfathom'd main,
of wonders a new ſcene ſupplies,
Whoſe depths inhabitants contain
of ev'ry form, and ev'ry ſize.
26 Full-freighted ſhips from ev'ry port
there cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play.
27 Theſe various troops of ſea and land
in ſenſe of common want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing hand,
and have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy ſtores diſperſe,
without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'ſt thy hand, the univerſe,
the craving world, is all ſupply'd.
29 Thou for a moment hid'ſt thy face,
the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race
forthwith to mother earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth
t' inſpire the maſs with vital ſeed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent earth
ſmiles on her new-created breed.
31 Thus through ſucceſſive ages ſtands
firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
thou doſt the waſte of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
earth's panting breaſt with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of ſmoke
in darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt hills.
33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs
my breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my ſongs,
ſincere, as in him is my joy.
35 While ſinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
my ſoul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
Till with my ſong the liſt'ning world
join concert, and his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render thanks, and bleſs the Lord;
invoke his ſacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
his matchleſs deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns;
his wond'rous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
and ſubject of your verſe.
3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name;
alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength
devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his face for evermore.
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous ſtatutes of his mouth,
and laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his ſervant Abra'm's ſeed,
and Jacob's choſen race;
7 He's ſtill our God, his judgments ſtill
throughout the earth take place.
8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
for num'rous ages paſt,
Which yet for thouſand ages more
in equal force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to Abra'm, next, by oath
to Iſaac made ſecure:
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law,
for ever to endure:
11 That Canaan's land ſhould be their lot,
when yet but few they were;
12 But few in number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs ſtrangers there.
13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt monarchs, for their ſakes
ſeverely be reprov'd.
15 "Theſe mine anointed are," ſaid he;
"let none my ſervants wrong;

" Nor treat the pooreſt prophet ill,
" that does to me belong."
16 A dearth at laſt, by his command,
did through the land prevail;
Till corn, the chief ſupport of life,
ſuſtaining corn, did fail.
17 But his indulgent providence,
had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death,
who ſold him to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were cruſh'd,
with calumny his fame;
19 Till God's appointed time and word
to his deliv'rance came.
20 The king his ſov'reign order ſent,
and reſcu'd him with ſpeed;
Whom private malice had confin'd,
the people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realms, were all
ſubjected to his will;
22 His greateſt princes to controul,
and teach his ſtateſmen ſkill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt then, invited gueſts,
half-famiſh'd Iſrael came;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
the fertile ſoil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch increaſe
his people multiply'd,
Till with their proud oppreſſors they
in ſtrength and number vy'd.
25 Their vaſt increaſe th' Egyptians' hearts
with jealous anger fir'd,
Till they his ſervants to deſtroy
by treach'rous arts conſpir'd.
26 His ſervant Moſes then he ſent,
his choſen Aaron too,
27 Empower'd with ſigns and miracles,
to prove their miſſion true.
28 He call'd for darkneſs, darkneſs came,
nature his ſummons knew;
29 Each ſtream and lake, transform'd to blood,
the wand'ring fiſhes ſlew.

30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
the peſt of frogs was bred;
From noiſome fens ſent up to croak
at Pharaoh's board and bed.
31 He gave the ſign, and ſwarms of flies
came down in cloudy hoſts;
Whilſt earth's enliven'd duſt below,
bred lice through all their coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring hail for rain,
and fire for cooling dew;
33 He ſmote their vines, and foreſt plants,
and garden's pride o'erthrew.
34 He ſpake the word, and locuſts came,
and caterpillars join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor remains
the ſtorm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they deſcend,
no verdant thing they ſpare;
But, like the naked fallow field,
leave all the paſtures bare.
36 From fields to villages and towns,
commiſſion'd vengeance flew;
One fatal ſtroke their eldeſt hopes
and ſtrength of Egypt ſlew.
37 He brought his ſervants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd wealth;
And, what tranſcends all treaſure elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find
her plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe ills
by thoſe already prov'd.
39 Their ſhrouding canopy by day
a journeying cloud was ſpread;
A fiery pillar all the night
their deſert marches led.
40 They long'd for fleſh; with ev'ning quails
he furniſh'd ev'ry tent;
From heav'n's high granery, each morn,
the bread of Angels ſent.
41 He ſmote the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing tide;

Whoſe flowing ſtream, where'er they march'd,
the deſert's drought ſupply'd.
42 For ſtill he did on Abra'm's faith
and ancient league reflect;
43 He brought his people forth with joy,
with triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
from Canaan's fertile ſoil,
To them in cheap poſſeſſion gave
the fruit of others' toil:
45 That they his ſtatutes might obſerve,
his ſacred laws obey:
For benefits ſo vaſt, let us
our ſongs of praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right; nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford!
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.
5 O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy ſaints in full proſperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy peoples' triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch grace,
Of parents vile the viler race;
Who their miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increas'd the ſcore?
7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his works in Egypt wrought;
The Red Sea they no ſooner view'd
Than they their baſe diſtruſt renew'd.

8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their deliv'rance came;
To make his sov'reign pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left, at his command,
The parting deep disclos'd her sand;
Where firm and dry the passage lay,
As through some parch'd and desert way.
10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they were,
Who closely press'd upon their rear;
11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those waves,
That prov'd the rash pursuers' graves.
12 The wat'ry mountain's sudden fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, host and all;
This proof did stupid Israel move
To own God's truth, and praise his love.

PART II.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot,
And for his counsel waited not;
14 But lusting in the wilderness,
Did him with fresh temptations press.
15 Strong food at their request he sent,
But made their sin their punishment;
16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
The priest and prophet whom he chose.
17 But earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful jaws extending wide,
Rash Dathan to her centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to heav'n's devouring flame.
19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made,
And to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast,
And where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But Moses in the breach appear'd;

The ſaint did for the rebels pray,
And turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleaſant land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated promiſe priz'd,
25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey;
But when God ſaid, Go up, would ſtay.
26 This ſeal'd their doom, without redreſs
To periſh in the wilderneſs;
27 Or elſe to be by heathens' hands
O'erthrown, and ſcatter'd through the lands.

PART III.

28 Yet, unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn race
Baal-Peor's worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious gueſts, and fed
On ſacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final ſtroke:
'Tis come—the deadly peſt is come,
To execute their gen'ral doom.
30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy rage,
Th' Almighty vengeance to aſſuage,
Did, by two bold offenders' fall,
Th' atonement make that ranſom'd all.
31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd,
So heav'n the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his race,
The prieſthood he ſo well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd;
Who Moſes, for their ſakes reprov'd;
33 Whoſe patient ſoul they did provoke,
Till raſhly the meek prophet ſpoke.
34 Nor, when poſſeſs'd of Canaan's land,
Did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commiſſioned ſword employ
The guilty nations to deſtroy.
35 Not only ſpar'd the pagan crew,
But, mingling, learnt their vices too;
36 And worſhip to thoſe idols paid,
Which them to fatal ſnares betray'd.
37, 38 To devils they did ſacrifice
Their children, with relentleſs eyes;
Approach'd their altars through a flood
Of their own ſons' and daughters' blood.

No cheaper victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs deities;
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates ſuffice;
For after their heart's luſt they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.
40 But ſins of ſuch infernal hue
God's wrath againſt his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhor'd.
41 He them defenceleſs did expoſe,
To their inſulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumph wait
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd;
Their liſt of tyrants ſtill increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild ſway declin'd,
Were made the vaſſals of mankind.
43 Yet when, diſtreſs'd, they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renew'd their ſins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his promiſe bring,
And mercy's inexhauſted ſpring.
46 Compaſſion too he did impart
Ev'n to their foes' obdurate heart;
And pity for their ſuff'rings bred
In thoſe who them to bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and Iſrael's bands,
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy Name our thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy praiſe.
48 Let Iſrael's God be ever bleſs'd,
His Name eternally confeſs'd:
Let all his ſaints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful voices raiſe,
who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing praiſe
attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give thanks, whom he from bands
of proud oppreſſing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant lands,
from north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt.
4, 5 Through lonely deſert ways they went,
nor could a peopled city find;
Till quite with thirſt and hunger ſpent,
their fainting ſouls within them pin'd.
6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear
did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep diſtreſs;
7 From crooked paths he led them forth,
and in the certain way did guide
To wealthy towns of great reſort,
where all their wants were well ſupply'd.
8 O then that all the earth with me
would God, for this his goodneſs, praiſe;
And for the mighty works which he
throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
9 For he from heav'n the ſad eſtate
of longing ſouls with pity views;
To hungry ſouls, that pant for meat,
his goodneſs daily food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with darkneſs compaſs'd round,
in death's uncomfortable ſhade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
by preſſing cares more heavy made.
11, 12 Becauſe God's counſels they defy'd,
and lightly priz'd his holy word,
With theſe afflictions they were try'd;
they fell, and none could help afford.
13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear
did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep diſtreſs.

14 From diſmal dungeons, dark as night,
and ſhades, as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
and welcome liberty beſtow'd.
15 O then that all the earth with me
would God, for this his goodneſs, praiſe;
And for the mighty works which he
throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
16 For he, with his Almighty hand,
the gates of braſs in pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy bars withſtand,
or temper'd ſteel reſiſt his ſtroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs wretches, void of ſenſe,
with bold tranſgreſſions God defy;
And, for their multiply'd offence,
Oppreſs'd with ſore diſeaſes lie.
18 Their ſoul, a prey to pain and fear,
abhors to taſte the choiceſt meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
to death's inhoſpitable gates.
19 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent ear
do they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad diſtempers heals,
his word both health and ſafety gives;
And, when all human ſuccour fails,
from near deſtruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the earth with me
would God, for this his goodneſs, praiſe;
And for the mighty works which he
throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
22 With off'rings let his altar flame,
whilſt they their grateful thanks expreſs,
And with loud joy his holy Name,
for all his acts of wonder, bleſs.

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in ſhips, with courage bold,
o'er ſwelling waves their trade purſue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
and in the deep his wonders view.

25 No ſooner his command is paſt,
than forth the dreadful tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the ſea with rapid haſte,
and makes the ſtormy billows riſe.
26 Sometimes the ſhips, toſs'd up to heav'n,
on tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the ſteep abyſs are driv'n,
whilſt ev'ry ſoul diſſolves with fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
like men with fumes of wine oppreſs'd;
Nor do the ſkilful ſeamen know
which way to ſteer, what courſe is beſt.
28 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent ear
they do their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging ſtorm appeaſe,
and makes the billows calm and ſtill;
With joy they ſee their fury ceaſe,
and their intended courſe fulfil.
31 O then that all the earth with me
would God, for this his goodneſs, praiſe;
And for the mighty works which he
throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the tribes reſort,
advance to heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the elder's ſov'reign court,
with one conſent his praiſe proclaim.

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where ſtreams abound,
God's juſt revenge, if people ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
to puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parch'd and deſert heath he makes
to flow with ſtreams and ſpringing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
and in ſtrong cities ſafely dwells.
37, 38 He ſows the field, the vineyard plants,
which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his bleſſing grants,
his fruitful ſeed or ſtock decay.
39 But when his ſins heav'n's wrath provoke,
his health and ſubſtance fade away;

He feels th' oppreſſor's galling yoke,
and is of grief the wretched prey.
40 The prince that ſlights what God commands,
expos'd to ſcorn, muſt quit his throne;
And over wild and deſert lands,
where no path offers, ſtray alone:
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting cares,
ſets up the humble man on high,
And makes in time his num'rous heirs
with his increaſing flocks to vie.
42, 43 Then ſinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
the juſt a decent joy ſhall ſhow;
The wiſe theſe ſtrange events ſhall weigh,
and thence God's goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
to magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful ſongs of praiſe
ſhall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
thy warbling notes delay;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy
prevent the dawning day.
3 To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord,
thy wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe,
that round about us dwell;
4 Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
the higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds
thy faithful truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the ſtarry frame;
And let the world, with one conſent,
confeſs thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen people thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right-hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my pray'r.
7 Since God himſelf hath ſaid the word,
whoſe promiſe cannot fail,
With joy I Sechem will divide,
and meaſure Succoth's vale.

8 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too,
and Ephraim owns my cauſe;
Their ſtrength my regal pow'r ſupports,
and Judah gives my laws.
9 Moab I'll make my ſervile drudge,
on vanquiſh'd Edom tread;
And through the proud Philiſtine lands
my conqu'ring banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe ſupport and aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops ſecurely lead
through Edom's guarded plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our arms,
which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou of theſe our hoſts
once more the guidance take?
12 O to thy ſervant in diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
For vain it is on human aid
for ſafety to depend.
13 Then valiant acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O GOD, whoſe former mercies make
my conſtant praiſe thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my ſad ſtate
with wonted favour view:
2 For ſinful men, with lying lips,
deceitful ſpeeches frame,
And with their ſtudy'd ſlanders ſeek
to wound my ſpotleſs fame.
3 Their reſtleſs hatred prompts them ſtill
malicious lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my life combine,
by cauſeleſs fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt love I us'd,
my chief oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other friends bereft,
reſort to thee by pray'r.
5 Since miſchief, for the good I did,
their ſtrange reward does prove,

And hatred's the return they make
for undiſſembled love.
6 Their guilty leaders ſhall be made
to ſome ill man a ſlave;
And, when he's try'd, his mortal foe
for his accuſer have.
7 His guilt, when ſentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilſt his rejected pray'r but ſerves
his crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely fate,
ſhan't live out half his days;
Another, by divine decree,
ſhall on his office ſeize.
9, 10 His ſeed ſhall orphans be, his wife
a widow, plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
where none can give relief.
11 His ill-got riches ſhall be made
to uſurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil ſhall be
by ſtrangers borne away.
12 None ſhall be found that to his wants
their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs orphan ſeed
the leaſt aſſiſtance lend.
13 A ſwift deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name
ſhall utterly deface.
14 The vengeance of his father's ſins
upon his head ſhall fall;
God on his mother's crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe, in horrid order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
their mem'ry from the land.

PART II.

16 Becauſe he never mercy ſhow'd,
but ſtill the poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs man,
with heavy woes diſtreſs'd.

17 Therefore the curſe he lov'd to vent
ſhall his own portion prove;
And bleſſing which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.
18 Since he in curſing took ſuch pride,
like water it ſhall ſpread,
Through all his veins, and ſtick like oil,
with which his bones are fed.
19 This, like a poiſon'd robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.
20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe reports
againſt my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy plenteous mercy's ſake,
preſerve and ſet me free.
22 For I, to utmoſt ſtraits reduc'd,
am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd through with grief.
23 I, like an ev'ning ſhade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like locuſts, up and down I'm toſs'd,
and have no certain place.
24, 25 My knees with faſting are grown weak,
my body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their heads,
and treat me with diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy mercy's ſake, O Lord,
do thou my foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own act,
the work of thy right-hand.
28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let ſhame the portion be
Of all that my deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in thee.
29 My foe ſhall with diſgrace be cloath'd;
and, ſpite of all his pride,

His own confuſion, like a cloak,
the guilty wretch ſhall hide.
30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
my cheerful voice will raiſe;
And where the great aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble praiſe.
31 For him the poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous dooms
their guiltleſs ſouls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
" Till I thy foes thy footſtool make,
2 " ſit thou, in ſtate, at my right-hand:
" Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be,
" And all thy proud oppoſers ſee
" ſubjected to thy juſt command.
3 " Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
" The willing nations ſhall obey:
" and, when thy riſing beams they view,
" Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,
" Appear as numberleſs and bright
" as cryſtal drops of morning dew."
4 The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That, like Melchiſedech's, thy reign
and prieſthood ſhall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to ſit
At thy right-hand will he permit,
but in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
6 The ſentenc'd heathen he ſhall ſlay,
And fill with carcaſes his way,
till he hath ſtruck earth's tyrants dead;
7 But in the high-way brooks ſhall firſt,
Like a poor pilgrim, ſlake his thirſt,
and then in triumph raiſe his head.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'rs ſhall raiſe;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of ſaints, his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.
2 His works, for greatneſs though renown'd,
His wond'rous works with eaſe are found

By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.
3 His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages paſt,
Shall to eternal ages laſt.
4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his ſervants' wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers ſign'd.
6 At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs pow'r employ'd,
Whereby the heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their heritage poſſeſs'd.
7 Juſt are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
8 By truth and equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
9 He ſet his ſaints from bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his decree,
For ever to remain the ſame:
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.
10 Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win,
Muſt with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praiſe and heav'nly ſkill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
2 His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.
3 His houſe, the ſeat of wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.
4 The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;

To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground:
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.
7 Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart, that, fix'd, on God relies:
8 On ſafety's rock he ſits and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies.
9 His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.
10 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vaniſh with themſelves away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record;
2 his ſacred Name for ever bleſs:
3 Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
due praiſe to his great Name addreſs.
4 God through the world extends his ſway:
The regions of eternal day
but ſhadows of his glory are:
5 With him whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
let no created pow'r compare.
6 Though 'tis beneath his ſtate to view
In higheſt heav'n what angels do,
yet he to earth vouchſafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
companion to the greateſt there.

7 When childleſs families deſpair,
He ſends the bleſſing of an heir,
to reſcue their expiring name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchleſs fame!

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Iſrael, by th' Almighty led,
enrich'd with their oppreſſor's ſpoil,
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's ſeed
from bondage in a foreign ſoil;
2 Jehovah, for his reſidence,
choſe out imperial Judah's tent,
His manſion royal, and from thence
through Iſrael's camp his orders ſent.
3 The diſtant ſea with terror ſaw,
and from the Almighty's preſence fled;
Old Jordan's ſtreams, ſurpris'd with awe,
retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountains ſkipp'd like rams,
when danger near the fold they hear;
The hills ſkipp'd after them like lambs
affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O ſea! what made your tide withdraw,
and naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, againſt nature's law,
recoil'd'ſt thou to thy fountain's head?
6 Why, mountains, did ye ſkip like rams,
when danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills, like lambs
when they their leader's flight behold?
7 Earth, tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear
thy Lord and Maker's face to ſee;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'tis time for earth and ſeas to flee.
8 To flee from God, who nature's law
confirms and cancels at his will;
Who ſprings from flinty rocks can draw,
and thirſty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no ſhare,
but to thy ſacred Name

Give glory, for thy mercy's ſake,
and truth's eternal fame.
2 Why ſhould the heathen cry, Where's now
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.
4 Their gods but gold and ſilver are,
the works of mortal hands;
5 With ſpeechleſs mouth and ſightleſs eyes
the molten idol ſtands.
6 The pageant has both ears and noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move;
no life within it dwells.
8 Such ſenſeleſs ſtocks they are, that we
can nothing like them find,
But thoſe who on their help rely,
and them for gods deſign'd.
9 O Iſrael, make the Lord your truſt,
who is your help and ſhield;
10 Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
who only help can yield.
11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
and all their wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Iſrael's houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confeſs.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
increaſe of bleſſings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
of this Almighty King!
16 Heav'n's higheſt orb of glory he
his empire's ſeat deſign'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth
a portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and ſilence ſleep,
to him no praiſe afford;
18 But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY ſoul with grateful thoughts of love
entirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
the voice of my requeſt.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraits of life
to him addreſs my pray'r.
3 With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round,
with pains of hell oppreſs'd;
When trouble ſeiz'd my aching heart,
and anguiſh rack'd my breaſt;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd,
"Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my ſoul,
"with ſorrow quite diſmay'd."
5, 6 How juſt and merciful is God!
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
does timely help afford.
7 Then, free from penſive cares, my ſoul,
reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous love expreſt.
8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his Name,
and in his ſervice ſpend.
10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt ſtraits did boaſt;
For in my flight all hopes of aid
from faithleſs men were loſt.
12, 13 Then what return to him ſhall I
for all his goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad zeal
the cup of bleſſing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my vows among his ſaints,
whoſe blood, howe'er deſpis'd

By wicked men, in God's account
is always highly priz'd.
16 By various ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's ſon before,
thy ranſom'd captive now!
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praiſe;
and, whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt performance of my vows
to all thy ſaints proclaim.
19 They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
and in thy houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name with one conſent,
and mix their ſongs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
to heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth,
ſing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
his truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
his mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever laſt,
let thankful Iſrael ſay.
3, 4 Their ſenſe of his eternal love
let Aaron's houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.
5 To God I made my humble moan,
with troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my ſtraits,
and granted my requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my ſide
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain attempts of men
poſſeſs my ſoul with fear?
7 Since God with thoſe that aid my cauſe
vouchſafes my part to take,

To all my foes I need not doubt
a juſt return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greateſt human pow'r,
for ſafety to depend.
10, 11 Though many nations, cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;
Yet, by his boundleſs pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their ſtrength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like bees, and yet their rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with eaſe.
13 When all united preſs'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my part,
and ſave me from them all.
14 The honour of my ſtrange eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my ſtrength,
he only claims my ſongs.
15 Joy fills the dwelling of the juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from harm;
For wond'rous things are brought to paſs
by his Almighty arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs pow'r,
has endleſs honour won;
The ſaving ſtrength of his right-hand
amazing works has done.
17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd
till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death
my fainting life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the temple-gates,
to which the juſt repair,
That I may enter in and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.

20, 21 Within thoſe gates of God's abode,
to which the righteous preſs,
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.
22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd,
is now the corner ſtone;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
the work of God alone.
24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
exalt their cheerful voice;
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoice.
26 Him that approaches in God's Name
let all th' aſſembly bleſs;
"We that belong to God's own houſe
"have wiſh'd you good ſucceſs."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
both light and comfort find;
Faſt to the altar's horn, with cords,
the choſen victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe
be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 HOW bleſs'd are they, who always keep
the pure and perfect way!
Who never from the ſacred paths
of God's commandments ſtray!
2 How bleſs'd, who to his righteous laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
his favour ſought to win!
3 Such men their utmoſt caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
with conſtant care proceed.

4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred will;
And all our diligence employ
thy ſtatutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy moſt holy will
might o'er my ways preſide,
And I the courſe of all my life
by thy direction guide!
6 Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
with thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart ſhall my glad mouth
with cheerful praiſes fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy ſacred laws ſhall I
all due obſervance pay;
O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the young preſerve their ways
from all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life
with thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek,
to thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps
from thy right paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid,
thy word, my treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid,
when ſinful thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name;
O teach me then by thy juſt laws
my future life to frame.
13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
to others have declar'd
How well the judgments of thy mouth
deſerve our beſt regard.
14 Whilſt in the way of thy commands
more ſolid joy I found,

Than had I been with vaſt increaſe
of envy'd riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy juſt and upright laws,
ſhall always fill my mind;
And thoſe ſound rules which thou preſcrib'ſt,
all due reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy ſtatutes undefac'd
ſhall be my conſtant joy;
The ſtrict remembrance of thy word
ſhall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy ſervant, Lord,
do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
my future time may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous works which they behold,
who thy juſt precepts learn.
19 Though, like a ſtranger in the land,
from place to place I ſtray,
Thy righteous judgments from my ſight
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting ſoul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt longing ſpent,
Whilſt always on the eager ſearch
of thy juſt will intent.
21 Thy ſharp rebuke ſhall cruſh the proud,
whom ſtill thy curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
contempt and ſhame remove;
For I thy ſacred laws affect
with undiſſembled love.
23 Though princes oft, in council met,
againſt thy ſervant ſpake;
Yet I thy ſtatutes to obſerve
my conſtant bus'neſs make.
24 For thy commands have always been
my comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care
to guide my ſteps aright.

DALETH.

25 My ſoul, oppreſs'd with deadly care,
cloſe to the duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declar'd my ways,
and thou inclin'd'ſt thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
by thy juſt laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
and by their guidance walk,
The wond'rous works which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant talk.
28 But ſee, my ſoul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
my waſted ſtrength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all falſe ways
and lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
my happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life
with thy commands agree;
O then preſerve thy ſervant, Lord,
from ſhame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands
ſhall I with pleaſure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

HE.

33 Inſtruct me in thy ſtatutes, Lord,
thy righteous paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my life,
will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
devote my zealous heart.

35 Direct me in the sacred ways
to which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy most just commands
incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
from thee my thoughts divert.
37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
to keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
and give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
is awfully afraid.
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
in mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands,
my longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
and promis'd succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
to cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
this ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will
"his faithful promise break."
43 Then let not quite the word of truth
be from my mouth remov'd;
Since still my ground of stedfast hope
thy just decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
will all my study bend;
From age to age my time to come
in their observance spend.
45 E'er long I trust to walk at large,
from all incumbrance free;

Since I reſolve to make my life
with thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws ſhall be my conſtant talk;
and princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the juſtice of thy ways
with confidence defend.
47 My longing heart and raviſh'd ſoul
ſhall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
my happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy juſt decrees
lift up my willing hands;
My care and bus'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace,
thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
thy ſervant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in diſtreſs
did all my griefs controul;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting ſoul.
51 Inſulting foes did proudly mock,
and all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their ſcoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, raviſh'd with ſuch thoughts, my ſoul
did ſpeedy comfort find.
53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful foes
have thy juſt laws forſook.
54 But I thy ſtatutes and decrees
my cheerful anthems made:
Whilſt through ſtrange lands and deſert wilds
I like a pilgrim ſtray'd.
55 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
has fill'd my thoughts by night:
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt laws
to guide my ſteps aright.

56 That peace of mind, which has my ſoul
in deep diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou
and ſure poſſeſſion art;
Thy words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my heart.
58 With all the ſtrength of warm deſire
I did thy grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy word,
thy mercy's boundleſs ſtore.
59 With due reflection and ſtrict care
on all my ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt paths,
my wand'ring ſteps I brought.
60 I loſt no time, but made great haſte,
reſolv'd, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy commandments ſtray.
61 Though num'rous troops of ſinful men
to rob me have combin'd,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will ariſe
to ſing thy ſolemn praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous ways.
63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
myſelf I cloſely join;
To all who their obedient wills
to thy commands reſign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn
thy ſacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy ſervant, thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord;
Repeated benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy word.

66 Teach me the ſacred ſkill, by which
right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
67 Before affliction ſtopp'd my courſe,
my foot-ſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me thy ſtatutes to diſcern,
thy ſaving ſkill beſtow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
my ſpotleſs fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd heart, without reſerve,
thy precepts ſhall retain.
70 While pamper'd, they, with proſp'rous ills,
in ſenſual pleaſures live,
My ſoul can reliſh no delight,
but what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
affliction's chaſt'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the ſtatutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
of more eſteem I hold
Than untouch'd mines, than thouſand mines
of ſilver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanſhip
of thy Almighty hands,
The heav'nly underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt commands.
74 My preſervation to thy ſaints
ſtrong comfort will afford,
To ſee ſucceſs attend my hopes,
who truſted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgments are, I now
by ſure experience ſee;
And that in faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now
afford me needful aid;

According to thy promiſe, Lord,
to me, thy ſervant, made.
77 To me thy ſaving grace reſtore,
that I again may live;
Whoſe ſoul can reliſh no delight,
but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovok'd,
to ruin me have fought,
Who only on thy ſacred laws
employ my harmleſs thought.
79 Let thoſe that fear thy Name eſpouſe
my cauſe, and thoſe alone,
Who have by ſtrict and pious ſearch,
thy ſacred precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt ſtatutes let my heart
continue always ſound;
That guilt and ſhame, the ſinner's lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My ſoul with long expectance faints
to ſee thy ſaving grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring word
my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes conſume and fail
with waiting for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief
and promis'd aid afford?
83 My ſkin like ſhrivel'd parchment ſhows,
that long in ſmoke is ſet;
Yet no affliction me can force
thy ſtatutes to forget.
84 How many days muſt I endure
of ſorrow and diſtreſs?
When wilt thou judgment execute
on them who me oppreſs?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
that have no other foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt laws oppoſe.
86 With ſacred truth's eternal laws
all thy commands agree;
Men perſecute me without cauſe;
thou, Lord, my helper be.

87 With cloſe deſigns againſt my life
they had almoſt prevail'd;
But, in obedience to thy will,
my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous ſtatutes I
my life's whole courſe may ſteer.

LAMED.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy word, eſtabliſh'd in the heav'ns,
does all their orbs ſuſtain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty hand.
91 All things the courſe by thee ordain'd
ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful ſubjects all,
and ſervants of thy will.
92 Unleſs thy ſacred law had been
my comfort and delight,
I muſt have fainted, and expir'd
in dark affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them haſt to new life
reſtor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from harm,
Who have thy precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambuſh laid
my guiltleſs life to take;
But in the midſt of danger I
thy word my ſtudy make.
96 I've ſeen an end of what we call
perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyſelf,
no change or period know.

M E M.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear
no language can diſplay;
They with freſh wonders entertain
my raviſh'd thoughts all day.

98 Through thy commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtile foes;
For thy ſure word doth me direct,
and all my ways diſpoſe.

99 From me my former teachers now
may abler counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred precepts I
my conſtant ſtudy make.

100 In underſtanding I excel
the ſages of our days;
Becauſe by thy unerring rules,
I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrain'd,
from ev'ry ſinful way,
That to thy ſacred word I might
entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments ſtray'd,
by vain deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How ſweet are all thy words to me!
O what divine repaſt!
How much more grateful to my ſoul,
than honey to my taſte!

104 Taught by thy ſacred precepts, I
with heav'nly ſkill am bleſt,
Through which the treach'rous ways of ſin
I utterly deteſt.

N U N.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
the way of truth to ſhow;
A watch-light, to point out the path
in which I ought to go.

106 I ſwear, and from my ſolemn oath
will never ſtart aſide,
That in thy righteous judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am ſo oppreſt,
that I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou
my fainting ſoul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill my ſacrifice of praiſe
with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing mind.
109 Though ghaſtly dangers me ſurround,
my ſoul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep
from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes
for me their ſnares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
nor from thy precepts ſtray'd.
111 Thy teſtimonies I have made
my heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
my drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal began
thy ſtatutes to obey,
And till my courſe of life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy law affection bear;
too great to be expreſt.
114 My hiding-place, my refuge-tow'r,
and ſhield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
on thy unerring word.
115 Hence, ye that trade in wickedneſs,
approach not my abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word,
from danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe hopes aſham'd,
that I repoſe in thee.
117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from diſtreſs;

To thy decrees continually
my juſt reſpect addreſs.
118 The wicked thou haſt trod to earth,
who from thy ſtatutes ſtray'd;
Their vile deceit the juſt reward
of their own falſhood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land
thou doſt like droſs remove;
I therefore with ſuch juſtice charm'd,
thy teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on tranſgreſſors I behold
thy judgments thus deſcend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and juſtice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
to my oppreſſors' rage.
122 Do thou be ſurety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the proud
my guiltleſs ſoul oppreſs.
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
in long expectance held;
Till thy ſalvation they behold,
and righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy ſervant, in diſtreſs,
thy wonted grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing heart
thy ſtatutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
thy ſacred ſkill beſtow,
That of thy teſtimonies I
the full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
thy vengeance to employ;
When men with open violence
thy ſacred law deſtroy.
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
but makes their value riſe
In my eſteem, who pureſt gold,
compar'd with them, deſpiſe.

128 Thy precepts therefore I account,
in all reſpects, divine;
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
no words can repreſent;
Therefore to learn and practiſe them
My zealous heart is bent.

130 The very entrance to thy word
celeſtial light diſplays,
And knowledge of true happineſs
to ſimpleſt minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainting with deſire;
That of thy wiſe commands I might
the ſacred ſkill acquire.

132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly word
let all my footſteps be;
Nor wickedneſs of any kind
dominion have o'er me.

134 Releaſe, entirely ſet me free
from perſecuting hands,
That, unmoleſted, I may learn
and practiſe thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to ſhine;
Thy ſtatutes both to know and keep,
my heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
whence briny rivers flow,
To ſee mankind againſt thy laws
in bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd innocence may truſt:
And, like thyſelf, thy judgments, Lord,
in all reſpects are juſt.

138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe ſtatutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with faithfulneſs perform'd
ſucceeding times ſhall ſee.
139 With zeal my fleſh conſumes away,
my ſoul with anguiſh frets,
To ſee my foes contemn at once,
thy promiſes and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
howe'er by them deſpis'd,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
by me, thy ſervant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy ſake, to low eſtate,
contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when time itſelf is paſt;
Thy law is truth itſelf, that truth,
which ſhall for ever laſt.
143 Though trouble, anguiſh, doubts, and dread,
to compaſs me unite;
Beſet with danger, ſtill I make
thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules
thy teſtimonies give:
Teach me the wiſdom that will make
my ſoul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earneſt cry;
And I thy ſtatutes to perform
will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may
Thy teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whoſe engaging word
my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight watch was ſet,

That I of thy myſterious word
might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice,
and wonted favour ſhew:
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy judgment ever true.
150 My perſecuting foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them,
who violate thy law?
151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is,
thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whoſe commands are righteous all,
thy promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees,
my ſoul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their truth
to endleſs ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Conſider my affliction, Lord,
and me from bondage draw;
Think on thy ſervant in diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cauſe; to that and me
thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
according to thy word.
155 From harden'd ſinners thou remov'ſt
ſalvation far away;
'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them,
who from thy ſtatutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
my fainting hopes reſtore.
157 A num'rous hoſt of ſpiteful foes
againſt my life combine;
But all too few to force my ſoul
thy ſtatutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious pride
thy cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth
has held through ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous judgments, firm,
to endleſs ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cauſe,
conſpire my blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred word has pow'r alone
to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breaſt
with heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conqueſt, nor the ſpoils of war,
have ſuch tranſporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy laws affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice,
thy praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy judgments all
with truth and juſtice crown'd.
165 Secure, ſubſtantial peace have they
who truly love thy law;
No ſmiling miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy ſalvation I have hop'd,
and though ſo long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and ſtricteſt care
all thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the love I bore to them
thy ſervice eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict obſervance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret ways
are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my requeſt and earneſt cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my heart with heav'nly ſkill,
according to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at laſt
before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
for my relief draw near.
171 Then ſhall my grateful lips return
the tribute of their praiſe,
When thou thy counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt ways.
172 My tongue the praiſes of thy word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy promiſes are all
with truth and juſtice crown'd.
173 Let thy Almighty arm appear,
and bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou haſt ordain'd
my heart's free choice have made.
174 My ſoul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving grace reſtor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
thy heav'nly laws, afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's praiſe;
Whoſe juſtice, from the depths of woe,
my fainting ſoul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt ſheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy ſervant ſeek,
who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
to reſcue me oppreſs'd with wrongs;
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance ſend,
From lying lips my ſoul defend,
and from the rage of ſland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!

4 Thy ſting upon thyſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting flames, that fiercely burn,
the conſtant fuel thou ſhalt be.
5 But, O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a ſojourner become
in barren Meſech's deſert ſoil!
With Kedar's wicked tents inclos'd,
To lawleſs ſavages expos'd,
who live on nought but theft and ſpoil.
6 My hapleſs dwelling is with thoſe,
Who peace and amity oppoſe,
and pleaſure take in others' harms:
7 Sweet peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of peace I ſpeak,
they ſtraight cry out, To arms, to arms.

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
from thence expecting aid;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God
who heav'n and earth has made.
3 Then thou, my ſoul, in ſafety reſt,
thy guardian will not ſleep;
4 His watchful care, that Iſrael guards,
will Iſrael's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither ſun nor moon ſhall thee
by day or night moleſt.
7 From common accidents of life
his care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
8 From the blind ſtrokes of chance, and foes
that lie in wait to kill.
9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
ſafe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O'TWAS a joyful ſound to hear
our tribes devoutly ſay,
Up, Iſrael, to the temple haſte,
and keep your feſtal day!
2 At Salem's courts we muſt appear,
with our aſſembled pow'rs,

3 In ſtrong and beauteous order rang'd,
like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
his Name with praiſe and pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where equity takes place:
There ſtand the courts and palaces
of royal David's race.
6 O, pray we then for Salem's peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy ſacred walls
a conſtant gueſt be found,
With plenty and proſperity
thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's ſake, and friends
no leſs than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
a conſtant gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For Sion and the temple's ſake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2 ON thee, who dwell'ſt above the ſkies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;
As ſervants wait their maſters' hands,
And maids their miſtreſſes' commands.
3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord;
Thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Iſr'el ſay,
been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our cauſe,
when men againſt us roſe;
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without controul;

Their ſpite and pride's united floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who rescu'd us that day,
Nor to their ſavage jaws gave up
our threaten'd lives a prey.
7 Our ſoul is like a bird eſcap'd
from out the fowler's net;
The ſnare is broke, their hopes are croſs'd,
and we at freedom ſet.
8 Secure in his Almighty Name
our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heav'n and earth,
of both ſole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their truſt,
like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her immoveable be fix'd
by his Almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide
Jeruſalem incloſe;
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints,
to guard them from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the juſt,
but ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by deſpair to ſeek
baſe means for his redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
let innocence protect.
5 All thoſe who walk in crooked paths,
the Lord ſhall ſoon deſtroy,
Cut off th' unjuſt, but crown the ſaints
with laſting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN Sion's God her ſons recall'd
from long captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing dream
of what we wiſh'd to ſee:
2 But ſoon in unaccuſtom'd mirth,
we did our voice employ,

And ſung our great Reſtorer's praiſe
in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining ſtood,
yet were compell'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the work
our God for us had done.
3 "'Twas great," ſay they, "'twas wond'rous great;"
much more ſhould we confeſs,
The Lord has done great things, whereof
we reap the glad ſucceſs.
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
of Iſrael's captive bands,
More welcome than refreſhing ſhow'rs
to parch'd and thirſty lands;
5 That we, whoſe work commenc'd in tears,
may ſee our labours thrive,
Till finiſh'd with ſucceſs, to make
our drooping hearts revive.
6 Though he deſponds that ſows his grain,
yet doubtleſs he ſhall come
To bind his full ear'd ſheaves, and bring
the joyful harveſt home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitleſs coſt, unleſs
the Lord the pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the Lord the city keep,
the watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we riſe before the day,
and late to reſt repair,
Allow no reſpite to our toil,
and eat the bread of care.
Supplies of life, with eaſe to them,
he on his ſaints beſtows;
He crowns their labours with ſucceſs,
their nights with ſound repoſe.
3 Children, thoſe comforts of our life,
are preſents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
as piety's reward.
4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
when marching forth to war;
Ev'n ſo the ſons of ſprightly youth,
their parents ſafeguard are.

5 Happy the man whoſe quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing arms;
He need not fear to meet his foe,
at law or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE man is bleſt that fears the Lord,
nor only worſhip pays,
But keeps his ſteps confin'd with care
to his appointed ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet returns
of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and ſee
his wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
her lovely fruit ſhall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
about his table ſpring.
4 Who fears the Lord ſhall proſper thus;
him Sion's God ſhall bleſs,
5 And grant him all his days to ſee
Jeruſalem's ſucceſs.
6 He ſhall live on, till heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt increaſe;
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous ſtate,
and more in Iſrael's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my youth up, may Iſrael ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy ſtraits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient back
with furrows deep and long;
4 But our juſt God has broke their chains,
and reſcu'd us from wrong.
5 Defeat, confuſion, ſhameful rout
be ſtill the doom of thoſe,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
and Sion's God oppoſe.
6 Like corn upon our houſes' tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root,
has blaſted in the blade:

7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
but unreguarded leaves;
No binder thinks it worth his pains
to fold it into ſheaves.
8 No traveller that paſſes by
vouchſafes a minute's ſtop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
heav'n's bleſſing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FROM loweſt depths of woe
to God I ſent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice,
and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy fear.
5 My ſoul with patience waits
for thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
thy never-failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
to ſpy the dawning day.
7 Let Iſrael truſt in God,
no bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence
eternal ſuccour flows;
8 Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
ſupplies in want convey;
A healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe,
and waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful eye;
Nor my aſpiring thoughts employ
in things for me too high.
2 With infant innocence thou know'ſt
I have myſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
that from the breaſt is wean'd.

3 Like me let Iſrael hope in God,
his aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET David, Lord, a conſtant place
in thy remembrance find;
Let all the ſorrows he endur'd
be ever in thy mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's ſons adore;
3, 4 I will not go into my houſe,
nor to my bed aſcend;
No ſoft repoſe ſhall cloſe my eyes,
nor ſleep my eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd abode
I mark'd the deſtin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of reſt
for Jacob's God have found.
6 Th' appointed place, with ſhouts of joy,
at Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
our glad applauſe reſound.
7 O with due rev'rence let us then
to his abode repair;
And, proſtrate at his foot-ſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble pray'r.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant place of reſt;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
but with thy preſence, bleſt.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy prieſts with righteouſneſs,
make thou thy ſaints rejoice;
And, for thy ſervant David's ſake,
hear thy anointed's voice.
11 God ſware to David in his truth,
nor ſhall his oath be vain,
One of thy offspring, after thee,
upon thy throne ſhall reign:
12 And if thy ſeed my cov'nant keep,
and to my laws ſubmit,

Their children too upon thy throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
13, 14 For Sion does, in God's eſteem,
all other ſeats excel;
His place of everlaſting reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her ſtore, ſays he, I will increaſe,
her poor with plenty bleſs;
Her ſaints ſhall ſhout with joy, her prieſts
my ſaving health confeſs.
17 There David's pow'r ſhall long remain
in his ſucceſſive line,
And my anointed ſervant there
ſhall with freſh luſtre ſhine.
18 The faces of his vanquiſh'd foes
confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt, with confirm'd ſucceſs, his crown
ſhall flouriſh on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their advantage be,
how great their pleaſure prove,
Who live like brethren, and conſent
in offices of love!
2 True love is like that precious oil,
which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
its coſtly moiſture ſhed.
3 'Tis like refreſhing dew, which does
on Hermon's top diſtil:
Or like the early drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful hill.
4 For Sion is the choſen ſeat,
where the Almighty King
The promis'd bleſſing has ordain'd,
and life's eternal ſpring.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye ſervants, that attend
upon his ſolemn ſtate,
That in his temple, night by night,
with humble rev'rence wait:
2, 3 Within his houſe lift up your hands,
and bleſs his holy Name:
From Sion bleſs thy Iſrael, Lord,
who earth and heav'n didſt frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
his worthy praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his house
attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
with humble zeal repair.
3 For this our truest int'rest is,
glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar choice
the sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
most valu'd treasure takes.
5 That God is great, we often have
by glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wond'rous pow'r,
above all gods is crown'd.
6 For he, with unresisted strength,
performs his sov'reign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
that earth's deep caverns fill.
7 He raises vapours from the ground,
which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, through which
his dreadful light'nings glare.
8 He from his store-house brings the winds;
and he, with vengeful hand,
The first born slew of man and beast,
through Egypt's mourning land.
9 He dreadful signs and wonders show'd,
through stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous hosts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
and mighty kings suppress'd;
Sihon and Og, and all besides,
who Canaan's land possess'd.
12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race
he firmly did entail;

For which his fame ſhall always laſt,
his praiſe ſhall never fail.
14 For God ſhall ſoon his peoples' cauſe
with pitying eyes ſurvey;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn
his kindled rage away.
15 Thoſe idols, whoſe falſe worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of ſilver, and of gold,
the work of human hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
no breath their mouth ſupplies.
18 As ſenſeleſs as themſelves are they
that all their ſkill apply,
To make them, or in dang'rous times
on them for aid rely.
19 Their juſt returns of thanks to God
let grateful Iſrael pay;
Nor let the prieſts of Aaron's race
to bleſs the Lord delay.
20 Their ſenſe of his unbounded love
let Levi's houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe who fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bleſs.
21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
in Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our conſtant friend,
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.
2, 3 To him, whoſe wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought:
For God &c.

6 He ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land;
And made the riſing ground
Above the waters ſtand:
For God &c.

7, 8, 9 Through heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous hoſts of light;
The ſun to rule by day,
The moon and ſtars by night:
For God &c.

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead
Of Egypt's ſtubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his reſiſtleſs hand:
For God &c.

13, 14 By him the raging ſea,
As if in pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle way,
Through which his people went:
For God &c.

15 Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his hoſt,
Who, daring to purſue,
Were in the billows loſt:
For God &c.

16, 17, 18 Through deſerts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen ſeed;
And famous princes foil'd,
And made great monarchs bleed:
For God &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whoſe potent hand
Great Ammon's ſceptre ſway'd;
And Og, whoſe ſtern command
Rich Baſhan's land obey'd:
For God &c.

21, 22 And, of his wond'rous grace,
Their lands, whom he deſtroy'd,

He gave to Iſrael's race,
To be by them enjoy'd:
For God &c.

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and ſafety brought:
For God &c.

25, 26 He does the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give:
For God will prove
Our conſtant friend,
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to reſt,
ſat down by proud Euphrates' ſtream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppreſt,
and Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we ſung,
were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With ſilent ſtrings neglected hung
on willow-trees, that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our foes, who all conſpir'd
to triumph in our ſlaviſh wrongs,
Muſic and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, ſing us one of Sion's ſongs."

4 How ſhall we tune our voice to ſing,
or touch our harps with ſkilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
be ſung by ſlaves in foreign lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy ſeat!
when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
the ſpeaking ſtrings wiih art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
eternal ſilence ſeize my tongue;
Or if I ſing one cheerful air,
till thy deliv'rance is my ſong.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
in thy own city's fatal day,

Cry'd out, " Her ſtately walls deface,
" and with the ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be
of grief and woe the wretched prey;
Bleſs'd is the man who ſhall to thee
the wrongs thou laid'ſt on us repay.
9 Thrice bleſs'd, who, with juſt rage poſſeſt,
and deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall ſnatch thy infants from the breaſt,
and daſh their heads againſt the ſtones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
thy praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat,
and, with thy love inſpir'd,
The praiſes of thy truth repeat,
o'er all thy works admir'd.
3 Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my ſoul was preſs'd with fear,
didſt inward ſtrength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly prince
thy Name with praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd events convince
that all thy works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
with cheerful ſongs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious acts record;
thy awful pow'r confeſs.
6 For God, although enthron'd on high,
does thence the poor reſpect;
The proud far off his ſcornful eye
beholds with juſt neglect.
7 Though I with troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my foes diſarm,
Relieve my ſoul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy ſtate;
And, mindful of his favours paſt,
ſhall his own work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, 2 THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt know
My riſing up and lying down;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
6 O ſkill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun?
Or whither from thy preſence run?
8 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the weſtern main,
10 Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.
11 Or, ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
Beneath the ſable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.
12 The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Through midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way
As in the blazing noon of day.
13 Thou know'ſt the texture of my heart,
My reins, and ev'ry vital part;
Each ſingle thread in nature's loom,
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe hands I came,
A work of ſuch a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My ſoul with grateful joy muſt own.
15 Thine eyes my ſubſtance did ſurvey,
Whilſt yet a lifeleſs maſs it lay,

In ſecret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs embryo ſee,
Its parts were regiſter'd by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That, ſince this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The ſands upon the ocean's ſhore;
Each morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.
19 The wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye men of blood,
20 Whoſe tongues heav'n's majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
Who thee with enmity purſue?
And does not grief my heart oppreſs,
When reprobates thy laws tranſgreſs?
22 Who practice enmity to thee
Shall utmoſt hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart
If miſchief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes,
of treacherous intent;
2 And from the ſons of violence,
on open miſchief bent.
3 Their ſland'ring tongue the ſerpent's ſting
in ſharpneſs does exceed;
Between their lips the gall of Aſps
and Adders' venom breed.
4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
nor leave my ſoul forlorn,
A prey to ſons of violence,
who have my ruin ſworn.

5 The proud for me have laid their ſnare,
and ſpread their wily net;
With traps and gins, where'er I move,
I find my ſteps beſet.
6 But thus environ'd with diſtreſs,
thou art my God, I ſaid;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice,
that calls to thee for aid.
7 O Lord, the God whoſe ſaving ſtrength
kind ſuccour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head
in battle's doubtful day;
8 Permit not their unjuſt deſigns
to anſwer their deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by ſucceſs,
to bolder crimes aſpire.
9 Let firſt their chiefs the ſad effects
of their injuſtice mourn;
The blaſt of their envenom'd breath
upon themſelves return.
10 Let them who kindle firſt the flame,
its ſacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me be made
their own untimely tomb.
11 Though ſlander's breath may raiſe a ſtorm,
it quickly will decay;
Their rage does but the torrent ſwell,
that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor man's cauſe,
and ſpeedy ſuccour give:
The juſt ſhall celebrate his praiſe,
and in his preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my cries aſcend,
O haſte to my relief;
And with accuſtom'd pity hear
the accents of my grief.
2 Inſtead of off'rings, let my pray'r
like morning incenſe riſe;
My lifted hand ſupply the place
of ev'ning ſacrifice.
3 From haſty language curb my tongue,
and let a conſtant guard

Still keep the portal of my lips
with wary ſilence barr'd.
4 From wicked men's deſigns and deeds
my heart and hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the booty ſhare
of their unrighteous gain.
5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
and I ſhall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof ſhall find;
And, in return, my fervent pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore diſtreſs.
6 When ſkulking in Engedi's rock,
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I ſpoke,
when I had pow'r to kill.
7 Yet us they perſecute to death;
our ſcatter'd ruins lie
As thick as from the hewer's axe
the ſever'd ſplinters fly.
8 But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
my ſupplicating eyes,
O leave not deſtitute my ſoul,
whoſe truſt on thee relies.
9 Do thou preſerve me from the ſnares
that wicked hands have laid;
Let them in their own nets be caught,
while my eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God, with mournful voice,
in deep diſtreſs I pray'd;
2 Made him the umpire of my cauſe,
my wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didſt my ſteps direct,
when my griev'd ſoul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure
they had their traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd, but found no friend
to own me in diſtreſs;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchſaf'd
his pity or redreſs.

5 To God at laſt I pray'd;
thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
till life itſelf depart.
6 Reduc'd to greateſt ſtraits,
to thee I make my moan;
O ſave me from oppreſſing foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praiſe thy Name,
my ſoul from priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind regard to me
aſſembled ſaints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd faith and truth
a gracious anſwer ſend.
2 Nor at thy ſtrict tribunal bring
thy ſervant to be try'd;
For in thy ſight no living man
can e'er be juſtifi'd.
3 The ſpiteful foe purſues my life,
whoſe comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
as manſions of the dead.
4 My ſpirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my breaſt;
My mournful heart grows deſolate,
with heavy woes oppreſt.
5 I call to mind the days of old,
and wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former dangers and eſcapes
employ my muſing thought.
6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
I fervently ſtretch out;
My ſoul for thy refreſhment thirſts,
like land oppreſs'd with drought.
7 Hear me with ſpeed; my ſpirit fails;
thy face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
that in the grave reſide.
8 Thy kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe truſt on thee depends;

Teach me the way where I ſhould go;
my ſoul to thee aſcends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe retreat againſt their rage
my ſoul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good ſpirit lead and keep
my ſoul in thy right way.
11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name,
revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's ſake, to me, diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd aid impart.
12 In pity to my ſuff'rings, Lord,
reduce my foes to ſhame;
Slay them that perſecute a ſoul
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſs'd be God the Lord,
who does his needful aid impart,
At once both ſtrength and ſkill afford,
to wield my arms with warlike art.
2 His goodneſs is my fort and tow'r,
my ſtrong deliv'rance and my ſhield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
makes to my ſway fierce nations yield.
3 Lord, what's in man, that thou ſhould'ſt love
of him ſuch tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
ſuch great account of him to make?
4 The life of man does quickly fade,
his thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying ſhade,
of whoſe ſhort ſtay no ſigns remain.
5 In ſolemn ſtate, O God, deſcend,
whilſt heav'n its lofty head inclines;
The ſmoaking hills aſunder rend,
of thy approach the awful ſigns.
6 Diſcharge thy awful light'nings round,
and make thy ſcatter'd foes retreat;
Then with thy pointed arrows wound,
and their deſtruction ſoon complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage
thy boundleſs pow'r my foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy rage
of threat'ning waves, that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign foes,
who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who, though in ſolemn leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn engagements ne'er maintain.
9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
in new-made hymns my voice ſhall raiſe,
And inſtruments of many ſtrings
ſhall help me thus to ſing thy praiſe:
10 "God does to kings his aid afford,
"to them his ſure ſalvation ſends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring ſword
"his ſervant David ſtill defends."
11 Fight thou againſt my foreign foes,
who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who, though in ſolemn leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young ſons like trees ſhall grow,
well planted in ſome fruitful place;
Our daughters ſhall like pillars ſhow,
deſign'd ſome royal court to grace.
13 Our garners, fill'd with various ſtore,
ſhall us and ours with plenty feed;
Our ſheep, increaſing more and more,
ſhall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our lab'ring oxen grow,
nor in their conſtant labour faint;
Whilſt we no war nor ſlav'ry know,
and in our ſtreets hear no complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that people's caſe
whoſe various bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true worſhip ſtill embrace,
and are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I will bleſs, my God and King,
thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;

Thy majeſty, with boundleſs height,
above our knowledge rais'd.
4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
to future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
ſucceſſively deſcends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy glory and renown,
and wond'rous works expreſs,
The world with me thy might ſhall own,
and thy great pow'r confeſs.
7 The praiſe that to thy love belongs,
they ſhall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful ſongs
ſhall be the conſtant theme.
8 The Lord is good; freſh acts of grace
his pity ſtill ſupplies:
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
his willing mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
to all thy works expreſt;
Theſe ſhow thy praiſe, whilſt thy great Name
is by thy ſervants bleſt.
11 They, with a glorious proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy kingdoms ſpeak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty ſubject make.
12 God's glorious works of ancient date
ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal ſtate
with public ſplendour ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt throne, from changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs ſway no end ſhall ſee,
but time itſelf out-laſt.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
who timely food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require,
with open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt deſire
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt,
how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm truſt
for his aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full deſires of thoſe
who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with care,
whom grateful love employs;
But ſinners, who his vengeance dare,
with furious rage deſtroys.
21 My time to come, in praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his fame;
And all mankind with one conſent,
for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my ſoul,
for ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous love, while life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On kings, the greateſt ſons of men,
let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times,
nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain deſigns
together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
for his protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
his conſtant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth,
nor make his promiſe vain.
7 The poor, oppreſt, from all their wrongs
are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
and ſets the pris'ners free.
8 By him the blind receive their ſight,
the weak and fall'n he rears;

With kind regard and tender love
he for the righteous cares.
9 The ſtrangers he preſerves from harm,
the orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
of wicked men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell
is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures:
let all his praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
and celebrate his fame!
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His holy city God will build,
though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though diſpers'd
through all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
and all their wounds does cloſe;
He tells the number of the ſtars,
their ſev'ral names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
his wiſdom has no bound;
The meek he raiſes, and throws down
the wicked to the ground.
7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praiſe
with grateful voices ſing;
To ſongs of triumph tune the harp,
and ſtrike each warbling ſtring.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
refreſhing rain beſtows;
Through him, on mountain-tops, the graſs
with wond'rous plenty grows.
9 He ſavage beaſts that looſely range,
with timely food ſupplies;
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
and ſtops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike ſteed,
but does his ſtrength diſdain;
The nimble foot that ſwiftly runs
no prize from him can gain.

11 But he to him that fears his Name
his tender love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs grace
with ſtedfaſt hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jeruſalem
to God their praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their gates with maſſy bars,
and does their children bleſs.
14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace,
with fineſt wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the word, and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16 Large flakes of ſnow, like fleecy wool,
deſcend at his command;
And hoary froſt, like aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the land.
17 When, join'd to theſe, he does his hail
in little morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing cold
ſecure defences make?
18 He ſends his word, which melts the ice;
he makes his wind to blow;
And ſoon the ſtreams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous currents flow.
19 By him his ſtatutes and decrees
to Jacob's ſons were ſhown;
And ſtill to Iſrael's choſen ſeed
his righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boaſt;
nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles,
and knowledge of his word.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame:
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe.
3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'ſt the night,
And ſun that guid'ſt the day,

Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praiſe him ye dreadful whales,
And fiſh that through the ſea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring ſcales;
Fire, hail, and ſnow,
And miſty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd;
By cedars ſtately tall,
And trees for fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry beaſt,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With thoſe of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchleſs praiſe proclaim:
In this deſign,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13 United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe:
Earth's utmoſt ends

His pow'r obey;
His glorious ſway
The ſky tranſcends.
14 His choſen ſaints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſrael's race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh,
O therefore raiſe,
Your grateful voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
aſſembly to ſing:
In our great Creator
let Iſrael rejoice;
And children of Sion
be glad in their King.
3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
his praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes pleaſure
his ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
the humble to bleſs.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
his people ſhall ſing
To God, who their beds
with ſafety does ſhield;
Their mouths fill'd with praiſes
of him, their great King;
Whilſt a two-edg'd ſword
their right-hand ſhall wield;
7, 8 Juſt vengeance to take
for injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe lands
for ruin deſign'd;
With chains, as their captives,
to tie their kings faſt,

With fetters of iron
their nobles to bind.
9 Thus ſhall they make good,
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful decree
which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
his ſaints ſhall enjoy:
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that bleſt place,
from whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face,
unveil'd, in perfect glory ſhows.
2 Praiſe him for all the mighty acts,
which he in our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
with which our praiſe ſhould equal run.
3 Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice
make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe,
and gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound.
4 Let virgin troops ſoft timbrels bring,
and ſome with graceful motion dance
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings,
with organs join'd, his praiſe advance.
5 Let them who joyful hymns compoſe,
to cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
that loudly ſound on ſolemn days.
6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
the breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ:
let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Meaſure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm XXV.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all eternity.

As Pſalm C.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm XXXVII.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom heav'ns triumphant hoſt,
and ſuff'ring ſaints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
when time itſelf ſhall be no more.

As Pſalm CXLVIII.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſs'd,
Eternal three in one,
All worſhip be addreſs'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm CXLIX.

By Angels in heav'n
of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
all praiſe be addreſs'd
To God in three perſons,
one God ever bleſs'd;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The SONG of the ANGELS.

For the NATIVITY *of our bleſſed* LORD *and* SAVIOUR.
Luke II. *ver.* 8—15.

1 WHILE ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
all ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
and glory ſhone around.
2 "Fear not," ſaid he, for mighty dread
had ſeiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"to you, and all mankind.
3 "To you, in David's Town, this day
"is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord;
"and this ſhall be the ſign:
4 "The Heav'nly Babe you there ſhall find,
"to human view diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrap'd in ſwathing bands,
"and in a manger laid."
5 Thus ſpake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining throng
Of Angels, praiſing God, who thus
addreſs'd their joyful ſong:
6 "All glory be to God on high,
"and to the earth be peace:
"Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
"begin, and never ceaſe."

HYMN II.

The SONG *of* MEN, *reſponſive to the* SONG *of the* ANGELS.

1 WHILE Angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
ſhall men no Anthem raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues,
when we forget to praiſe!

2 Then let us ſwell reſponſive notes,
and join the heav'nly-throng;
For Angels no ſuch love have known
as we, to wake their ſong.

3 Good-will to ſinful duſt is ſhown,
and peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
with news of joy from heav'n!

4 Mercy and truth, with ſweet accord,
his riſing beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert ſing—
"The Promis'd Child is born!"

5 Glory to God, in higheſt ſtrains,
by higheſt worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
and by our lives diſplay'd;

6 Till we attain thoſe bliſsful realms,
where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival the celeſtial Choirs
in their immortal ſtrains!

HYMN III.

For GOOD-FRIDAY.

On the Sufferings of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour.

1 FROM whence theſe direful omens round,
which heav'n and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
why hides the ſun his rays?

2 Well may the earth aſtoniſh'd ſhake,
and nature ſympathize!
The ſun as darkeſt night be black!
their Maker, Jeſus dies!

3 Behold faſt ſtreaming from the tree
his all-atoning blood!
Is this the infinite? 'tis he,
my Saviour and my God!

4 For me theſe pangs his ſoul aſſail,
for me this death is borne;
My ſins gave ſharpneſs to the nail,
and pointed ev'ry thorn.

5 Let ſin no more my ſoul enſlave,
break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O ſave me, whom thou cam'ſt to ſave,
nor bleed, nor die in vain!

HYMN IV.

For EASTER-DAY.

On the Reſurrection.

1 SINCE Chriſt our Paſſover is ſlain,
a ſacrifice for all;
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
to keep the Feſtival:
2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
of ſin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd ſincerity,
and truth's unleaven'd bread.
3 Chriſt being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
and reſcu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; Death ſhall on him
no more dominion have.
4 For that he died, 'twas for our ſins
he once vouchſaf'd to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
for all eternity.
5 So count yourſelves as dead to ſin,
but graciouſly reſtor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

HYMN V.

For the ſame.

1 CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
the Firſt Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
did reſurrection come.
2 For, as in Adam all mankind
did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteouſneſs of Chriſt,
ſhall all be made alive.
3 If then ye riſen are with Chriſt,
ſeek only how to get
The things which are above, where Chriſt
at God's right-hand is ſet.

HYMN VI.

For WHITSUNDAY.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt! Creator, come,
inſpire the ſouls of thine;
Till ev'ry heart which thou haſt made
be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
of God, and fire of love;
The everlaſting ſpring of joy,
and unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'ſt
God's law in each true heart;
The Promiſe of the Father, thou
doſt heav'nly ſpeech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark ſouls, till they
thy ſacred love embrace;
Aſſiſt our minds, by nature frail,
with thy celeſtial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
and give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance bleſt, we may
eſcape the ſnares of ſin.

6 Teach us the Father to confeſs,
and Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghoſt!
who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN VII.

For the ſame.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
with all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
in theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls, how heavily they go,
to reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our lifeleſs ſongs,
in vain we ſtrive to riſe!
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
and our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
with all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
and that ſhall kindle ours!

HYMN VIII.

For the same.

1 HE's come! let ev'ry knee be bent,
all hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, Blessed Spirit! may each soul
thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought controul,
and fix our wav'ring zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN IX.

For the HOLY COMMUNION.

From the Revelation of St. John.

1 *THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
and by thy bounty live.

2 † And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,
honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who, for our sins,
a sacrifice was slain!

3 ‡ All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
and ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
by thy most precious blood.

4 § Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
by all in earth and heav'n,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN X.

For the same.

1 MY God, and is thy Table spread?
and does thy Cup with love o'erflow?

* *Chap.* iv. † *Chap.* v. 12. ‡ *Chap.* v. 9. § *Ver.* 13.

Thither be all thy children led,
and let them thy ſweet mercies know!

2 Hail ſacred Feaſt, which Jeſus makes!
rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
that ſacred ſtream, that heav'nly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
before unwilling hearts diſplay'd?
Was not for you the victim ſlain?
are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
and furniſh'd well with joyful gueſts;
And may each ſoul ſalvation ſee,
that here its holy pledges taſtes!

5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord!
in countleſs numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
the bread that lives beyond the tomb!

6 Nor let thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt,
till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be bleſt
who ſee the light, or feel the ſun!

HYMN XI.

For the ſame.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
who once at diſtance ſtood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
did Jeſus ſhed his blood?

2 O for a ſong of ardent praiſe,
to bear our ſouls above!
What ſhould allay our lively hope,
or damp our flaming love!

3 Then let us join the heav'nly Choirs,
to praiſe our Heav'nly King!
O may that love which ſpread this board,
inſpire us while we ſing—

4 "Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains,
"and to the earth be peace;
"Good will from heav'n to men is come;
"and let it never ceaſe!"

HYMN XII.

On the NEW-YEAR.

1 THE God of life, whoſe conſtant care
With bleſſings crowns each op'ning year,
My ſcanty ſpan doth ſtill prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual ſong.

2 How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing ſun
Through his laſt yearly period run.

3 We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I ſhall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at leaſt, in league with death?"

4 That breath is thine, Eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my ſoul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our ſpirits we reſign,
Make them and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they live ſecure from fear,
Though death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy ſhore,
Where years and death are known no more!

7 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin nor hell ſhall reach that place;
No groans to mingle with the ſongs,
Reſounding from immortal tongues:

8 No more alarms from ghoſtly foes;
No cares to break the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
But ſacred, high, eternal noon.

9 O, long expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and ſin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To ſleep in death, and reſt with God.

HYMN XIII.

The CHRISTIAN's HOPE.

1 WHEN, riſing from the bed of death,
o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,

I ſee my Maker, face to face;
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
and trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
in Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul;
O how ſhall I appear!

4 But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
who does her ſins lament;
The timely tribute of her tears
ſhall endleſs woe prevent.

5 Then ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
e'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
to give theſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
to make her pardon ſure.

7 Great God! with wonder and with praiſe
on all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, pow'r, and grace,
ſhine brighter in thy Book.

8 The ſtars, that in their courſes roll,
have much inſtruction giv'n;
But thy good Word informs my ſoul
how I may ſoar to heav'n.

9 The fields provide me food, and ſhow
the goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
in thy moſt holy Word.

10 Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
here my beſt comfort lies;
Here my deſires are ſatisfy'd,
and here my hopes ariſe.

11 Lord, make me underſtand thy law,
ſhow what my faults have been;
And from thy Goſpel let me draw
pardon for all my ſin.

12 Here would I learn how Chriſt has died
to ſave my ſoul from hell;

Not all the books on earth beſide
ſuch heav'nly wonders tell.
13 Then let me love my Bible more,
and take a freſh delight,
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
and meditate by night.

HYMN XIV.

On GRATITUDE *to* GOD.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
my riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
in wonder, love, and praiſe!
2 O how ſhall words with equal warmth
the gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
but thou canſt read it there.
3 Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
and all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
and hung upon the breaſt.
4 To all my weak complaints and cries
thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
to form themſelves in pray'r.
5 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
from whom thoſe comforts flow'd.
6 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
with heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
and led me up to man.
7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
it gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
more to be fear'd than they.
8 When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
with health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
reviv'd my ſoul with grace.
9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
has made my cup run o'er;

And in a kind and faithful friend
has doubled all my ſtore.
10 Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
that taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.
11 Through ev'ry period of my life
thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
the glorious theme renew.
12 When nature fails, and day and night
divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy ſhall adore.
13 Through all eternity to thee
a joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For oh! eternity's too ſhort
to utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN XV.

On the GLORY *of* GOD *in the Starry Heavens: Being a Tranſlation of Part of the* 19*th Pſalm of David.*

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
2 Th' unwearied ſun from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
3 Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth;
4 Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.
5 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
" The Hand that made us is Divine."

HYMN XVI.

On the Providence of GOD: *Taken chiefly from the 23d Pſalm of David.*

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
2 My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend:
When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant.
3 To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.
4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread;
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
5 Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade:
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray.
6 Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN XVII.

For the Mercies of Redemption.

1 ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praiſe
Shall our tranſported voices raiſe!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heav'n ſtands open to our view!
2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Juſt on the brink of endleſs woe;
When Jeſus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundleſs love,

3 Scatter'd the ſhades of death and night,
And ſpread around his heav'nly light!
By him what wond'rous grace is ſhown
To ſouls impoveriſh'd and undone.
4 He ſhows, beyond theſe mortal ſhores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where ſaints in light our coming wait,
To ſhare their holy, happy ſtate!

HYMN XVIII.

For public Mercies and Deliverances.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong;
His pow'r and grace ſhall be our ſong;
From him alone all mercies flow;
His arm alone ſubdues the foe!
2 Then praiſe this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And though deliv'rance he may ſtay,
Yet anſwers ſtill in his own day.
3 O may this goodneſs lead our land,
Still ſav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King;
4 Till ev'ry public temple raiſe
A ſong of triumph to thy praiſe;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple ſhall become.
5 Still be it our ſupreme delight,
To walk as in thy glorious ſight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's laſt hour, to perſevere.

HYMN XIX.

On GOD's *Dominion over the Sea.*

1 GOD of the ſeas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſilent in the ſand.
2 The ſmalleſt fiſh that ſwims the ſeas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largeſt monſters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or ſleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet men, who trace the dang'rous waves,
Forget the Mighty God who ſaves!

HYMN XX.

Which may be uſed at Sea or on Land.

1 LORD! for the juſt thou doſt provide;
thou art their ſure defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
their help Omnipotence.
2 Though they through foreign lands ſhould roam,
and breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home;
yet thou, their God, art there.
3 Thy goodneſs ſweetens ev'ry ſoil,
makes ev'ry country pleaſe;
Thou on the ſnowy hills doſt ſmile,
and ſmooth'ſt the rugged ſeas!
4 When waves on waves, to heav'n uprear'd,
defy'd the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
and ſorrow in each heart;
5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r,
to ſnatch me from the grave!
I found thine ear not ſlow to hear,
Nor ſhort thine arm to ſave!
6 Thou gav'ſt the word—the winds did ceaſe,
the ſtorms obey'd thy will,
The raging ſea was huſh'd in peace,
and ev'ry wave was ſtill!
7 For this, my life, in ev'ry ſtate,
a life of praiſe ſhall be;
And death, when death ſhall be my fate,
ſhall join my ſoul to thee.

HYMN XXI.

Prayer and Hope of VICTORY.

1 NOW may the God of grace and pow'r
attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
and ſend deliv'rance from on high.

2 In his ſalvation is our hope,
and in the Name of Iſrael's God
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up;
our navies ſpread their flags abroad.
3 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
and ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
from thee, the Lord of heav'nly hoſts!
4 Then ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh fear,
and let our truſt be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
and hymns of peace conclude our ſong.

HYMN XXII.

For the uſe of the SICK.

1 WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Paſt mercies teach me where to fly;
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When ſickneſs grieves, and pains invade.
2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;
Bethesda's* bath refus'd to ſave
Unleſs an Angel bleſs'd the wave.
3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commiſſion all from thee;
And not a plant which ſpreads the plains,
But teams with health, when heav'n ordains.
4 Clay and Siloam's† pool, we find,
At heav'n's command reſtor'd the blind;
And Jordan's‡ waters hence were ſeen
To waſh a Syrian leper clean.
5 But grant me nobler favours ſtill,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul ſoul from ev'ry ſtain,
And ſave me from eternal pain.
6 Can ſuch a wretch for pardon ſue?
My crimes, my crimes, ariſe in view,
Arreſt my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of deſpair.
7 But thou, regard my contrite ſighs,
My tortur'd breaſt, my ſtreaming eyes;
To me thy boundleſs love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

* *John* v. 4. † *John* ix. 7. ‡ *Kings* v. 10.

8 Theſe lovely Names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son, vouchſaf'd to bleed;
His Blood procur'd for human race
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.
9 When ſin has ſhot its poiſon'd dart,
And conſcious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all ſufficient found
To draw the ſhaft, and heal the wound.
10 What arrows pierce ſo deep as ſin?
What venom gives ſuch pain within?
Thou great Phyſician of the ſoul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.
11 O! if I truſt thy ſov'reign ſkill,
And bow ſubmiſſive to thy will,
Sickneſs and death ſhall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at laſt to thee.

HYMN XXIII.

On Recovery from Sickneſs.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs,
our God deſerves our ſong;
We take the pattern of our praiſe
from Hezekiah's* tongue.
2 The gates of the devouring grave
are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
command them faſt again.
3 When he but ſpeaks the healing word,
then no diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
and fly, as he commands.
4 If half the ſtrings of life ſhould break,
he can our frame reſtore,
And caſt our ſins behind his back,
and they are found no more.
5 To him I cry'd—"Thy ſervant ſave,
"thou ever good and juſt;
"Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave;
"thy pow'r is all my truſt!"
6 He heard, and ſav'd my ſoul from death,
and dry'd my falling tears;

* *Iſaiah* xxxix. 9, &c.

Now to his praiſe I'll ſpend my breath,
through my remaining years.

HYMN XXIV.

On the ſame.

1 MY God, ſince thou haſt rais'd me up,
thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Reſtor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
with fear before thee I'll rejoice.
2 With troubles worn, with pain oppreſs'd,
to thee I cry'd, and thou didſt ſave;
Thou did'ſt ſupport my ſinking hopes,
my life did'ſt reſcue from the grave.
3 Wherefore, ye Saints! rejoice with me,
with me ſing praiſes to the Lord;
Call all his goodneſs to your mind,
and all his faithfulneſs record.
4 His anger is but ſhort: his love
which is our life, hath certain ſtay;
Grief may continue for a night,
but joy returns with riſing day!
5 Then what I vow'd in my diſtreſs,
in happier hours I now will give,
And ſtrive, that in my grateful verſe
his praiſes may forever live.
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the bleſt and undivided Three,
The one ſole Giver of all life,
glory and praiſe for ever be.

HYMN XXV.

FUNERAL CONSOLATIONS.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n declares
to thoſe in Chriſt who die!
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
"they reign with him on high."
2 Then, why lament departed friends,
or ſhake at death's alarms?
Death's but the ſervant Jeſus ſends
to call us to his arms.
3 If ſin be pardon'd we're ſecure,
death hath no ſting beſide;

The law gave sin its strength and pow'r;
but Christ, our ransom, died!
4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
when in the grave he lay;
And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
to everlasting day!
5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
to Christ, our life, we'll sing—
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
"and where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN XXVI.

CHRIST's *Commission to preach the* GOSPEL. *St.* Matth. *Chap.* x.

1 GO forth, ye Heralds, in my Name,
sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
where'er the human race is found.
2 The joyful news to all impart,
and teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
and wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
but harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let your heav'n taught conduct show
that ye're commission'd from above.
4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
and, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN XXVII.

The same COMMISSION, *from St.* Mark, xvi. 15, *&c. and from St.* Matth. xxviii. 18, *&c.*

1 "GO preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
"bid the whole earth my grace receive;
"Explain to them my sacred Word,
"bid them believe, obey, and live!
2 "I'll make my great commission known,
"and ye shall prove my Gospel true,

" By all the works that I have done,
" and all the wonders ye ſhall do.
3 " Go heal the ſick, go raiſe the dead,
" go caſt out devils in my Name;
" Nor let my Prophets be afraid,
" though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaſpheme.
4 " While thus ye follow my commands,
" I'm with you till the world ſhall end;
" All pow'r is truſted in my hands;
" I can deſtroy, and can defend."
5 He ſpake, and light ſhone round his head;
on a bright cloud to heav'n he rode!
They to the fartheſt nations ſpread
the grace of their aſcended God.

THE END.

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